

NOVEMBER

BLUE

BEETLE

NO. 27 10¢



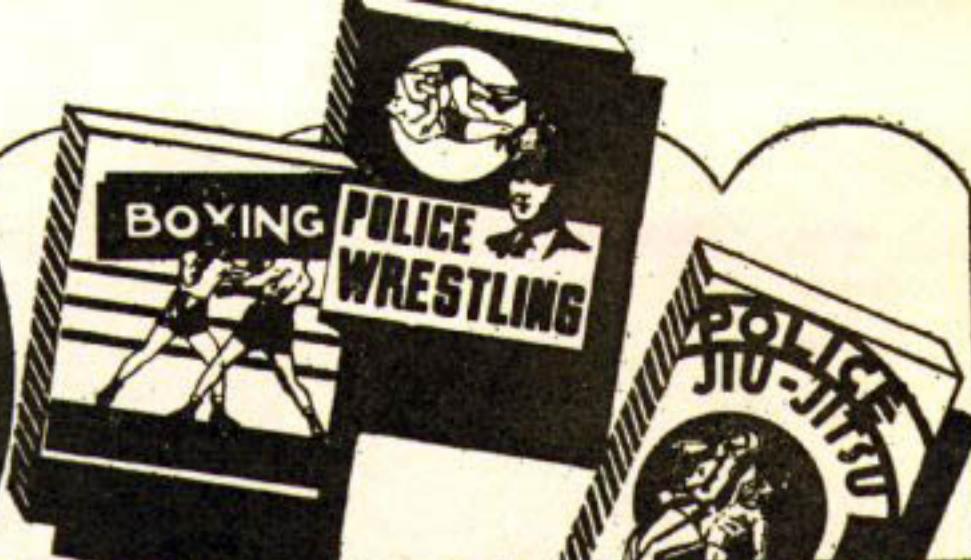
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AND TRUE STORIES



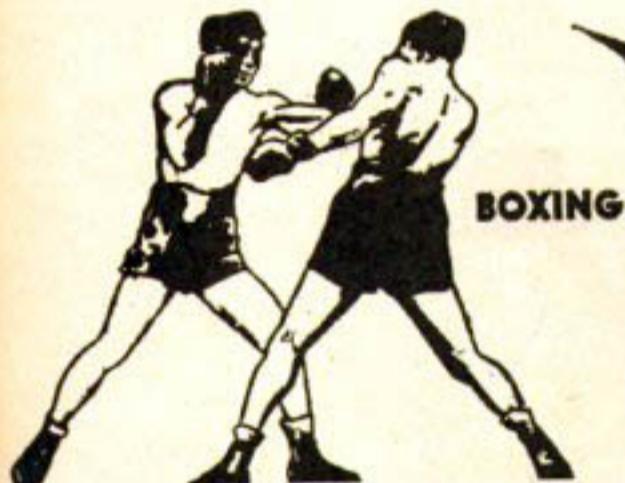
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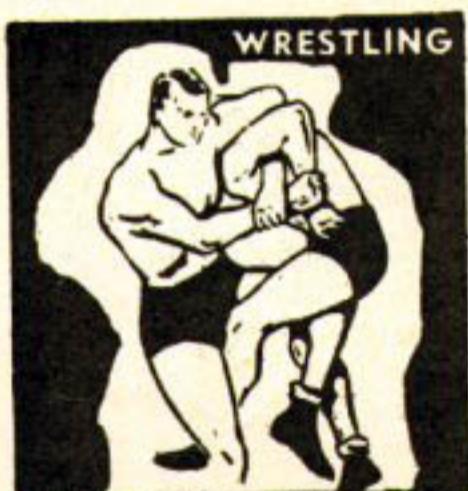


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BLUE BEETLE

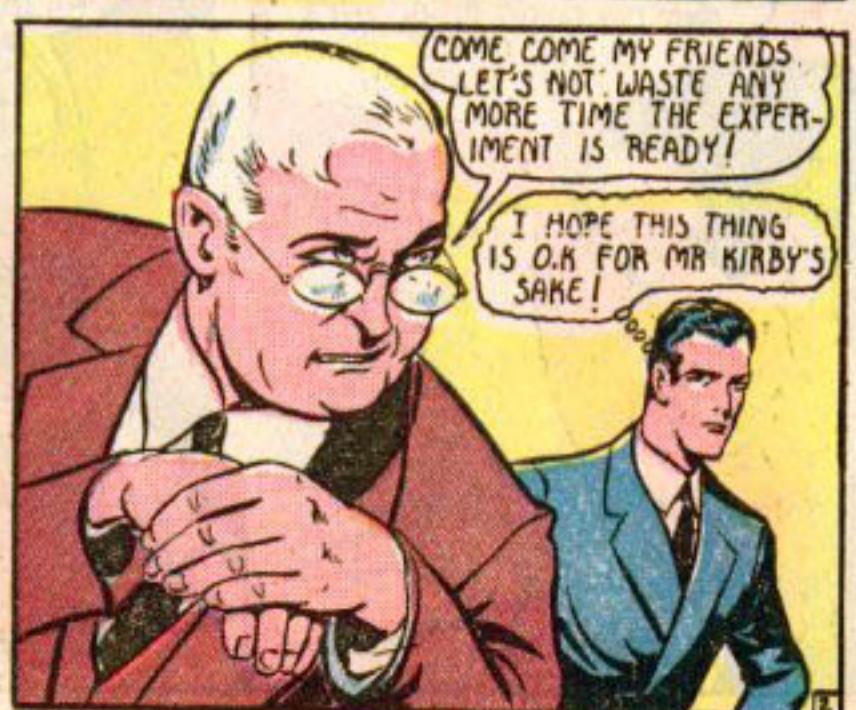
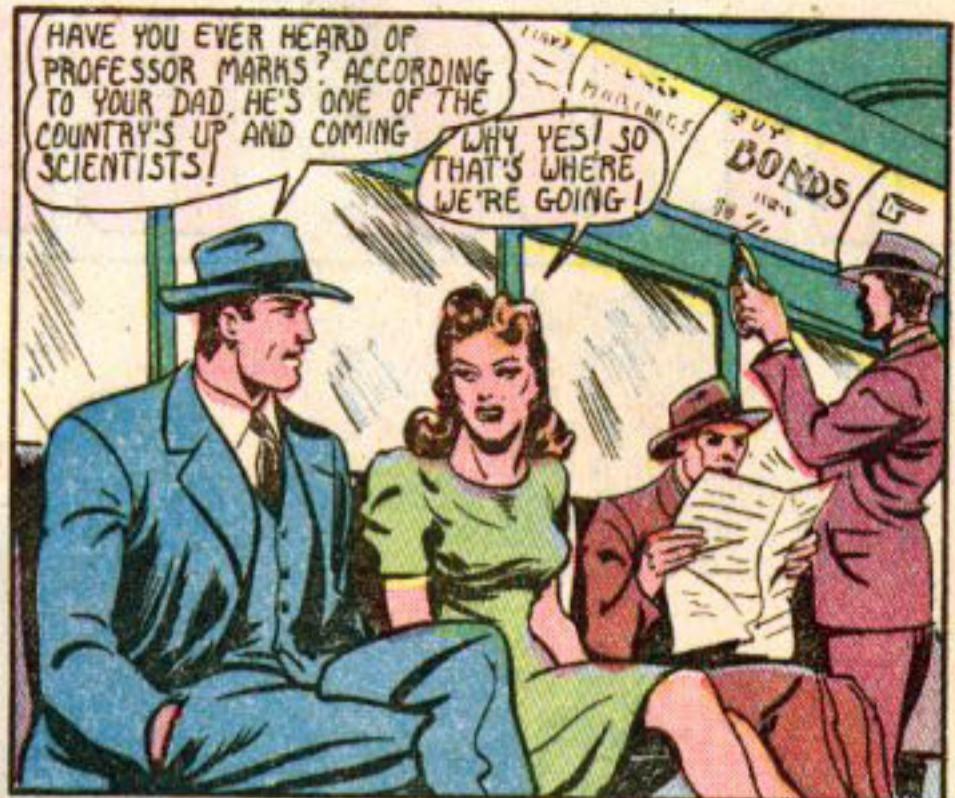
PAUSE A MOMENT DEAR READER!
WE HAVE A FANTASTIC PROBLEM FOR YOU.
"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION" EH? BUT....
FANCY AN EPIDEMIC OF TRUTH! WOULD IT
PRODUCE A UTOPIA OF PEACE, HONOR AND
TRANQUILLITY.... OR A CHAOS OF MADNESS,
MOCKERY AND DEATH.... AH, BUT DON'T FORM
A HASTY OPINION.... READ ON
...S.L.O.W.L.Y.....

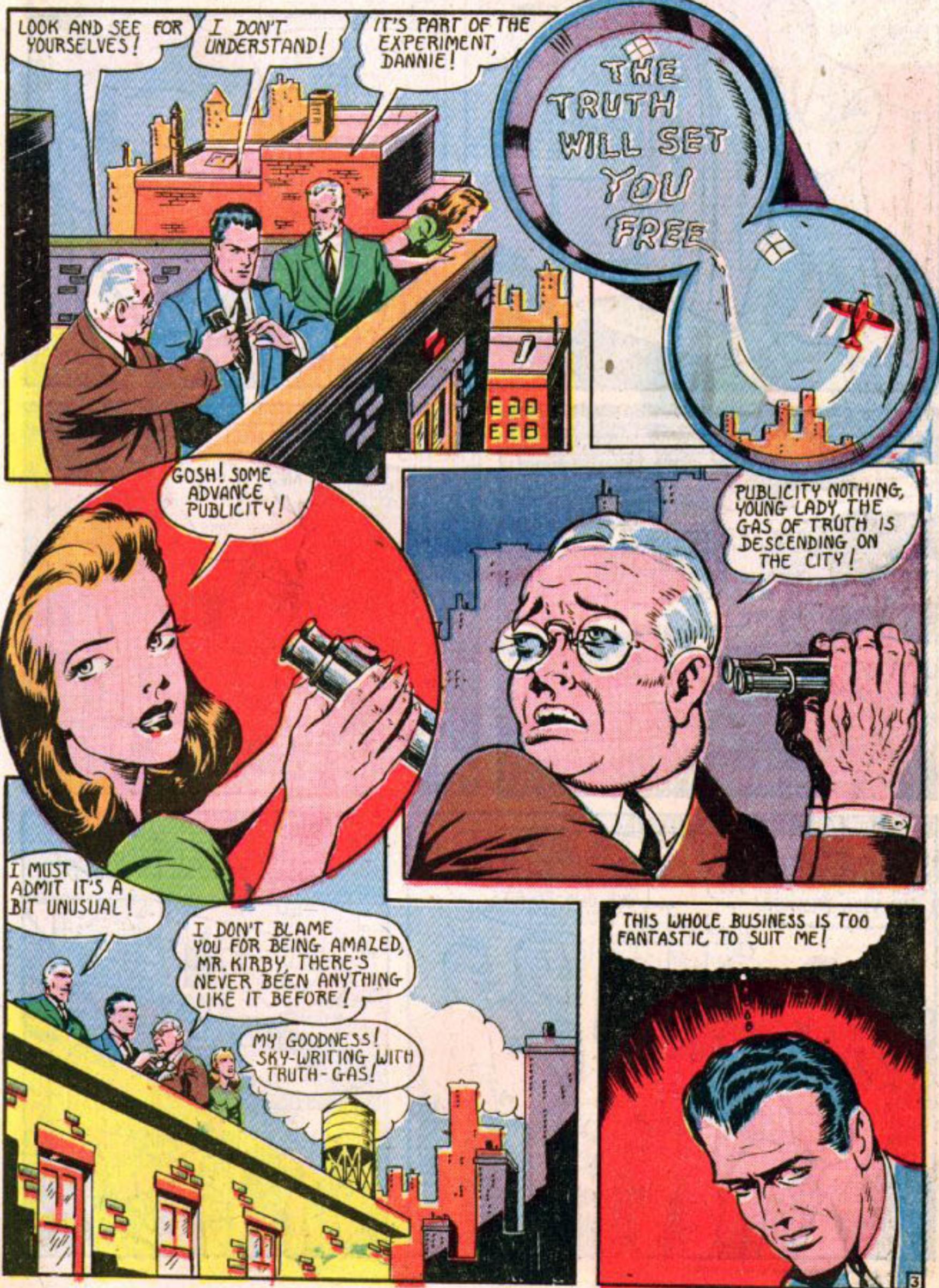


I HAVEN'T SEEN FATHER SINCE
YESTERDAY I'M DREADFULLY
WORRIED AND I THOUGHT OF
YOU!

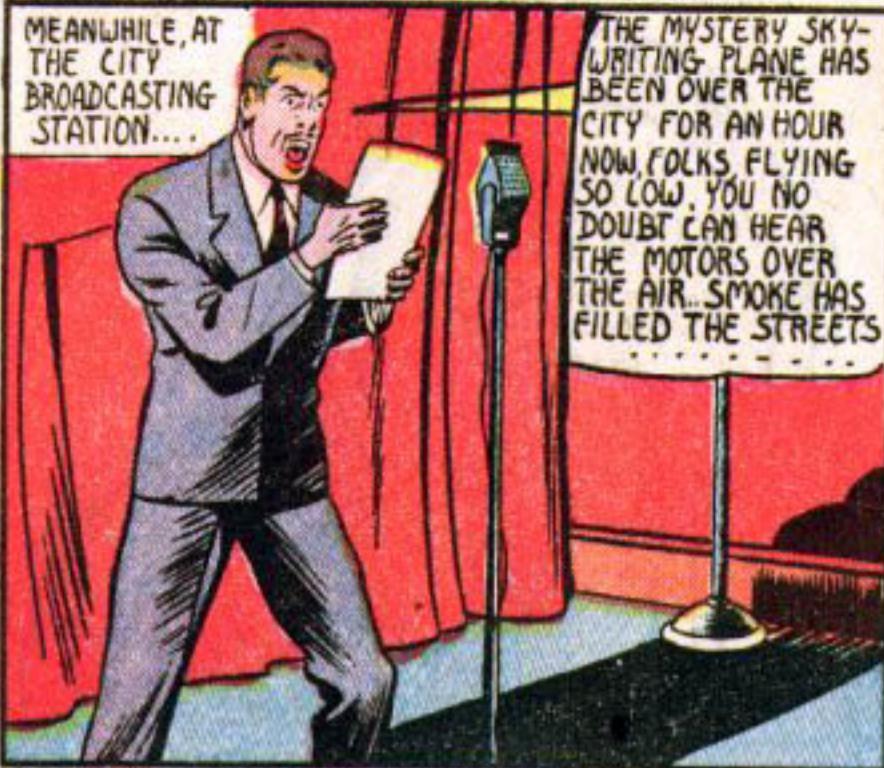
HMM.. I HAVE AN
IDEA OF WHERE HE
MIGHT BE! LET'S GO!

FBI
WASHINGTON
MAY 19, 1943
DAN GARRETT:
IT HAS BEEN CALLED TO
OUR ATTENTION THAT YOU HAVE
BEEN WORKING PRETTY
STEADY AND HARD THESE
DAYS. WE SUGGEST THAT
YOU TAKE A FEW DAYS
OFF AND RELAX YOURSELF.
HOW DOES THAT
SOUND TO YOU?
SINCERELY,
B.M.A.



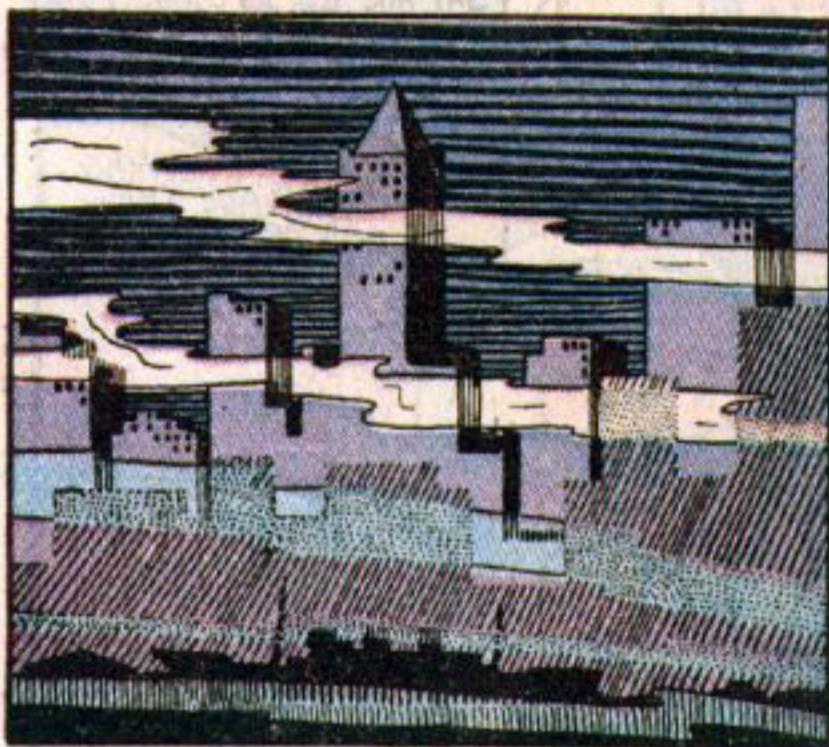


MEANWHILE, AT
THE CITY
BROADCASTING
STATION....



BUT THE AMAZING TRUTH-GAS BEGINS TO TAKE STRANGE EFFECT....

I'M GLAD YOU DON'T HAVE TO HEAR THE NEXT PROGRAM, FOLKS IT WAS TERRIBLE.....



IT SEEPS INTO A HAT SHOP...

DO YOU THINK MY HUSBAND WILL LIKE THIS HAT, MISS?



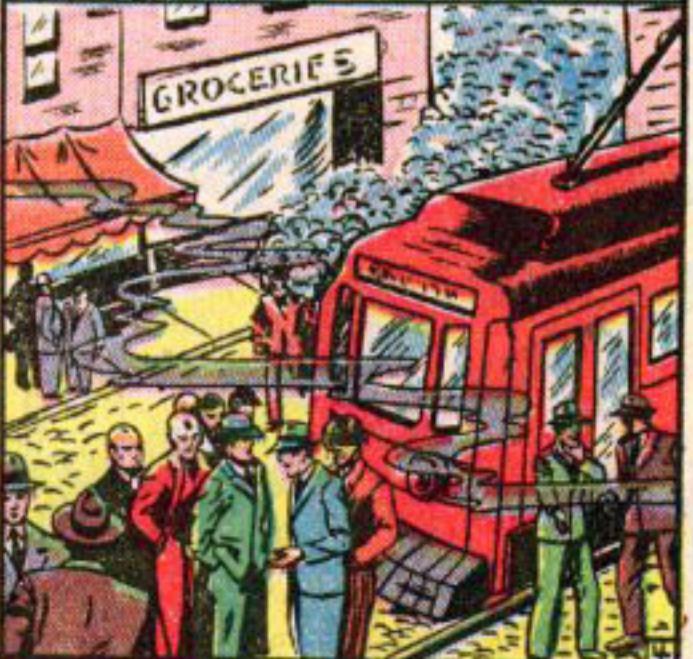
AND INTO A NON-ESSENTIAL FACTORY....

EITHER GIVE US A RAISE OR OUT WE GO! WE'RE SICK OF WORKING FOR YOU AND YOUR BROTHER!

YOU'LL NEVER GET A RAISE FROM US! WE'RE ONLY INTERESTED IN OUR OWN PROFITS, YOU FOOL!



THE TRUTH GAS GRIPS EVERY RESIDENT IN THE CITY... CROWDS FORM IN THE STREETS... TRAFFIC IS HALTED... NOBODY UNDERSTANDS... REALIZES WHAT HAS HAPPENED!....



MEANWHILE

COME ON FOLKS LET'S TAKE A TRIP
TO THE CITY AND FIND OUT THE
RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENT!

YES, LET'S!

AREN'T YOU EXCITED
MR. KIRBY?

ER.. YES,
YES, INDEED!

AFTER A LONG DELAY AT THE TROLLEY STOP...

NEVER MIND THE TROLLEY,
I CAN'T WAIT, LET'S WALK!
HMM. I WONDER!

CAR
STOP
HERE

ON ENTERING THE CITY THEY ARE AS-
TOUNDED AT THE MILLING CROWDS OF THE
RESTLESS TRUTH-STRICKEN...

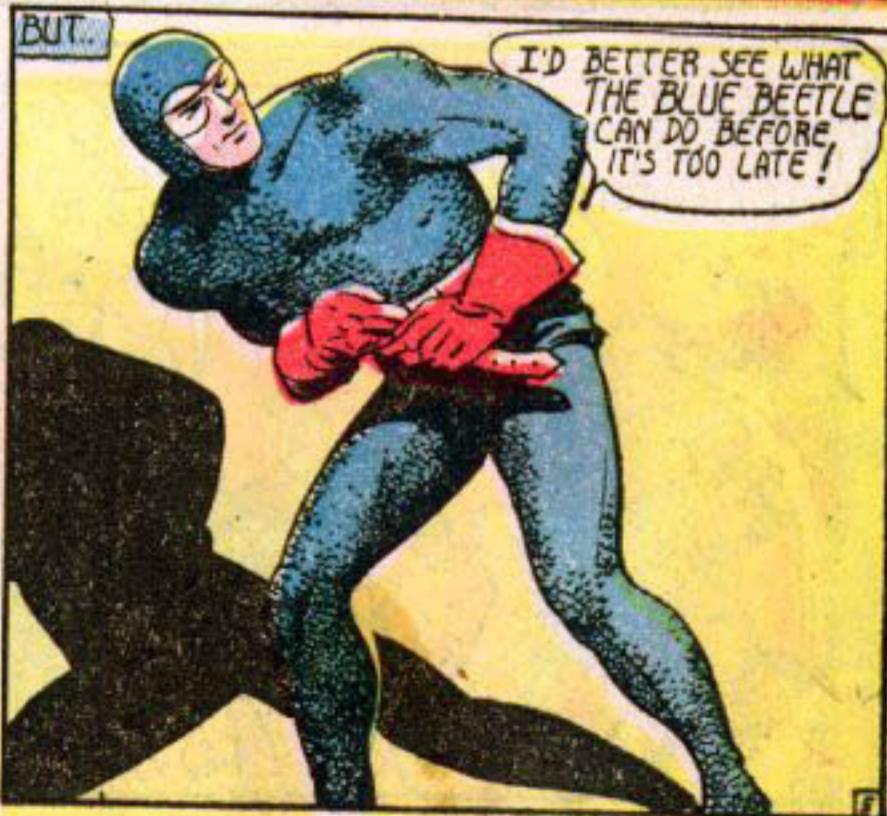


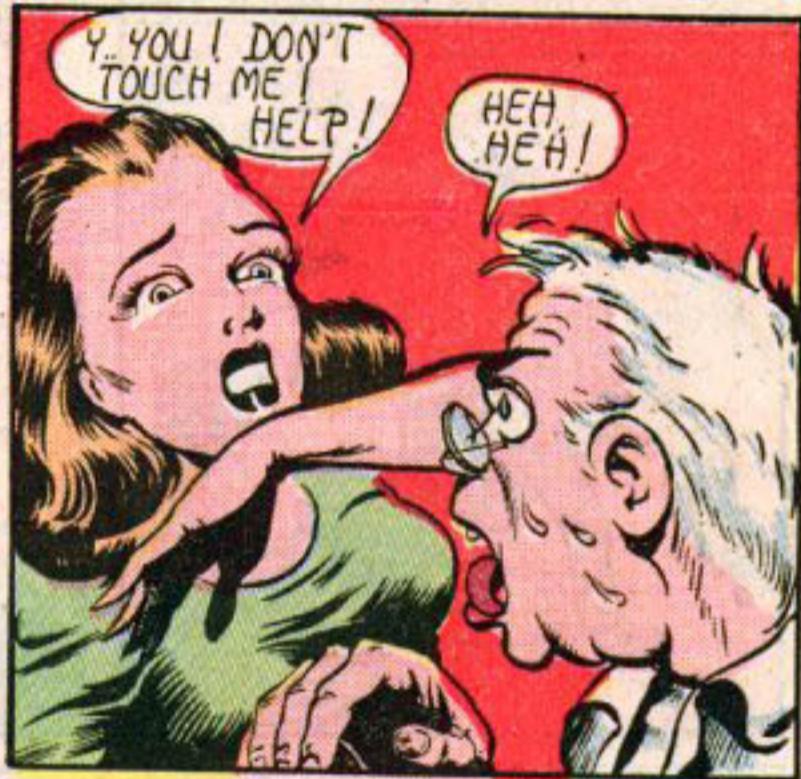
I'M GETTING NERVOUS, DAN.
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

I DON'T KNOW BUT
I'M GOING TO FIND
OUT RIGHT NOW!

SAY ARE YOU SURE THIS IS
WHAT YOU EXPECTED! THESE
CROWDS ARE GROWING TO RIOT
SIZE!

CERTAINLY! IT'S
ALL RIGHT.. HA,
HA, HA!





I'VE GOT
TO GET TO
THE TOP
OF THE
ELEVATOR
SHAFT....
I'VE JUST
GOT TO!

MEANWHILE... INSIDE THE SLOWLY MOVING AUTO-MATIC ELEVATOR, THE MAD SCIENTIST TAUNTS SALLY

PLEASE...
OH, DON'T
PLEASE!

TOO LATE... HEH HEH, I'M
GOING TO SMASH THIS VIAL
ON THE FLOOR!

BUT...

MAY I BORROW
THIS, PLEASE?

Y... YOU!

HANG ON SALLY, YOU'RE
SAFE... AT LEAST
FOR A MOMENT!

H... HE'S
INSANE!

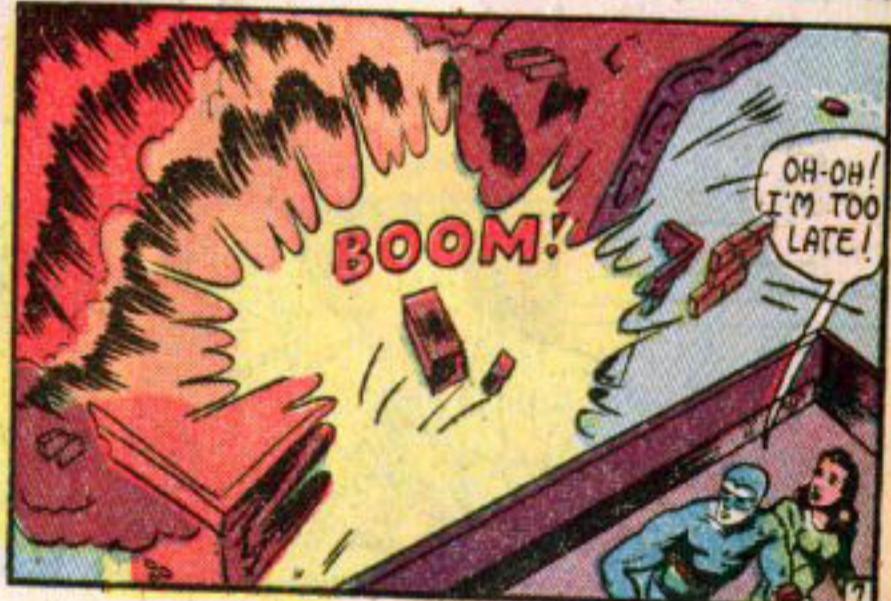
I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE ON THIS
OPPOSITE ROOF... I'VE GOT TO
GET MARKS TO STRAIGHTEN THIS
MESS OUT!

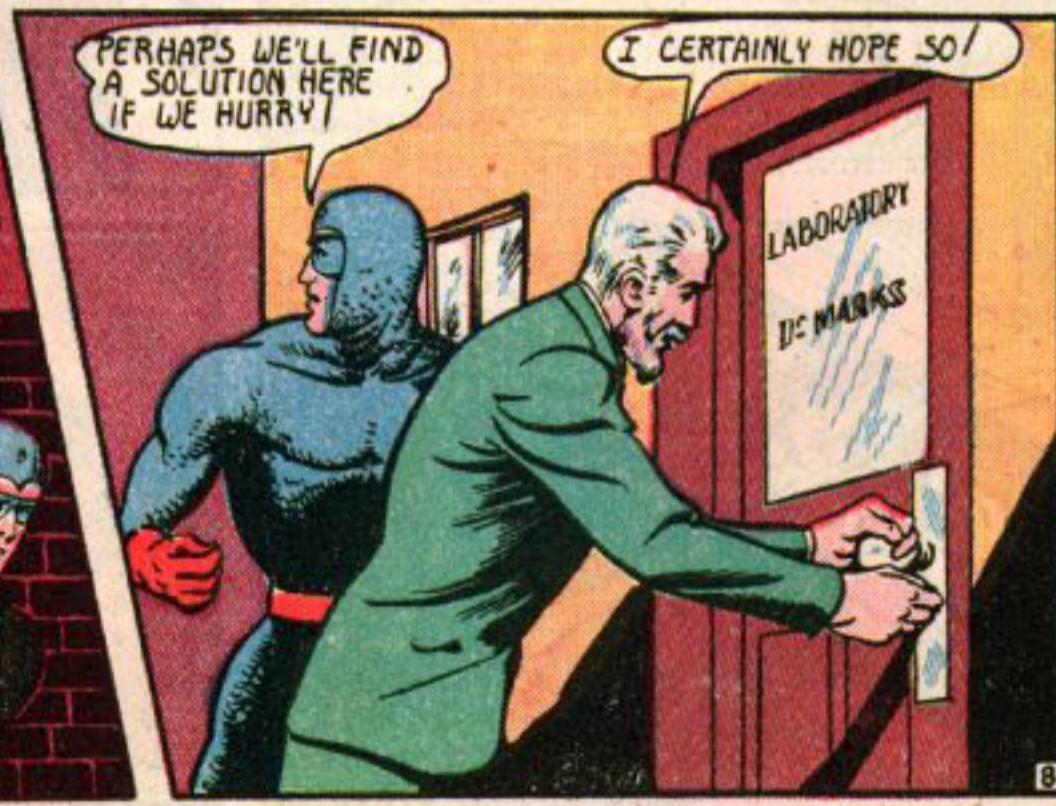
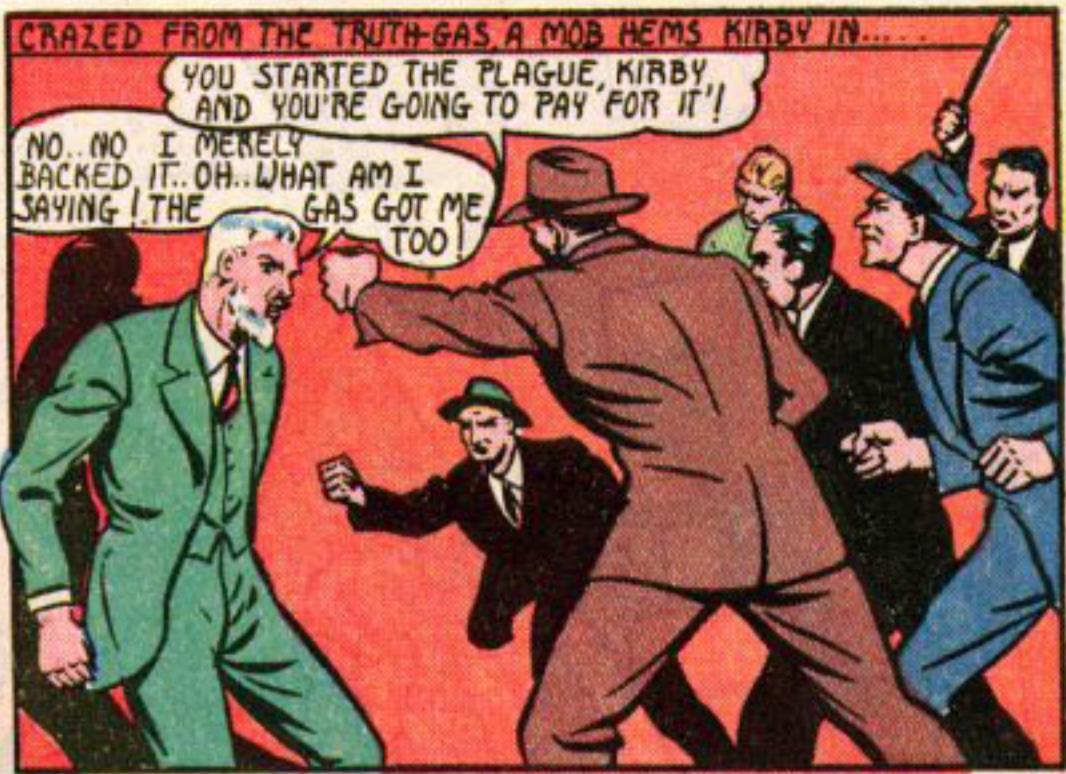
PLEASE BE
CAREFUL, BLUE
BEETLE!

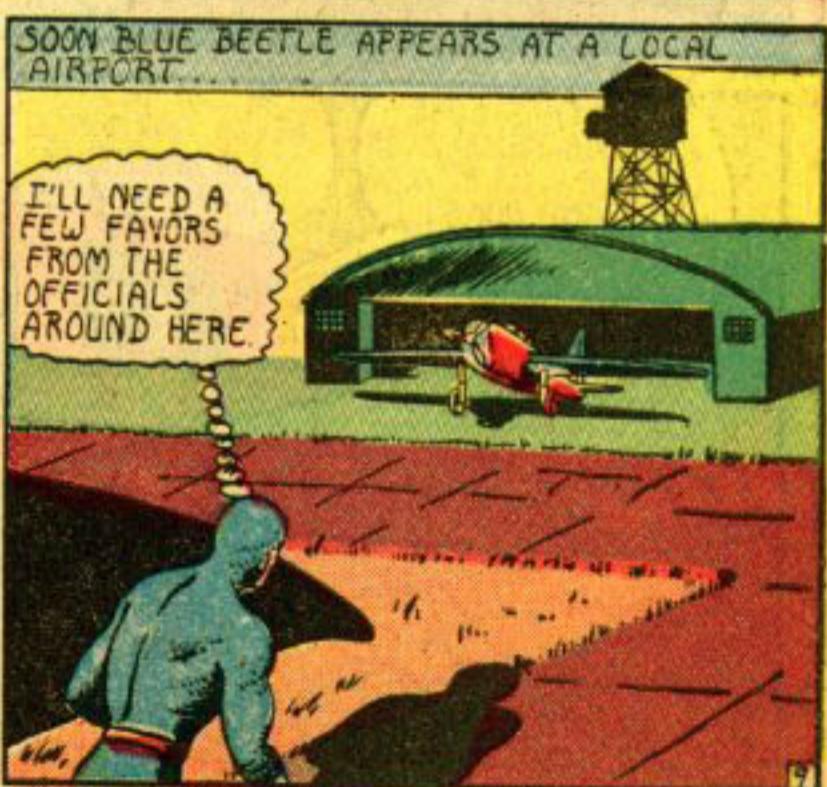
I'VE GOT
ANOTHER
VIAL,
YOU FOOL!

OH-OH!
I'M TOO
LATE!

BOOM!







REST ASSURED BLUE BEETLE!
WE'LL DO ANYTHING TO HELP. WE'VE
NEVER BEEN SO STUMPED!

GREAT! I'LL NEED A GOOD
PILOT AND A BUNCH OF
SAND-BAGS....

A FEW MINUTES LATER.....

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GET ABOVE THOSE CLOUDS.
BLUE BEETLE - TOO HIGH!

WE MUST... I'LL GET ON TOP OF
THEM IF I HAVE TO SPROUT WINGS
AND FLY!

LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE
TO EAT MY WORDS!

I'M WARNING YOU, THE
AIR IS SO THIN AT THIS
CEILING, IT'LL SPLIT YOUR
HEAD OPEN!

HOT DOG! OVER THE
HOME PLATE! I SOCKED
ONE OF THOSE RAIN-
CLOUDS GOOD!

WOW! THAT SURE
DID THE TRICK, BLUE
BEETLE! IT'S RAINING
CATS AND DOGS!

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, I
NEVER THOUGHT I
COULD INTERFERE
WITH THE WEATHER!

AT THE AIRPORT TWO DRENCHED BUT HAPPY PEOPLE
AWAIT BLUE BEETLE'S LANDING.

HELLO, FOLKS! WHAT'S THE NEWS
FROM THE CITY? DID THE RAIN CLEAR
OUT THAT CURSED TRUTH-GAS?

IT SURE DID,
BLUE BEETLE!
THANKS TO YOU!

ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE
STARRING SECRET SERVICE AGENT DAN
GARRETT, ALIAS THE FEARLESS BLUE BEETLE,
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!

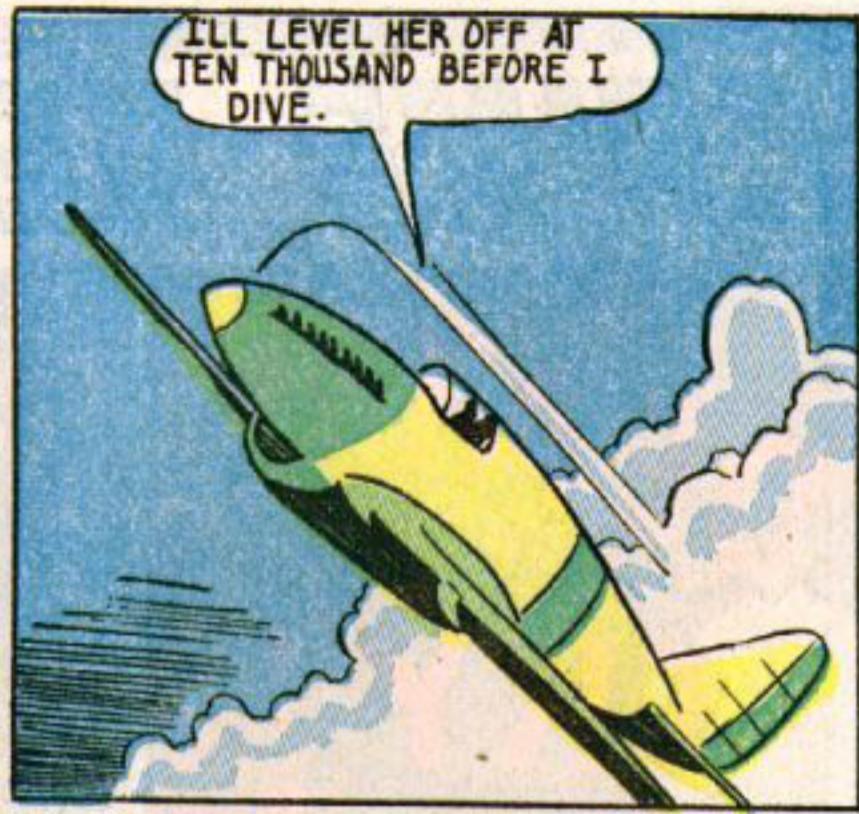
CRIME REPORTER

DEATH
IN THE
SKY!

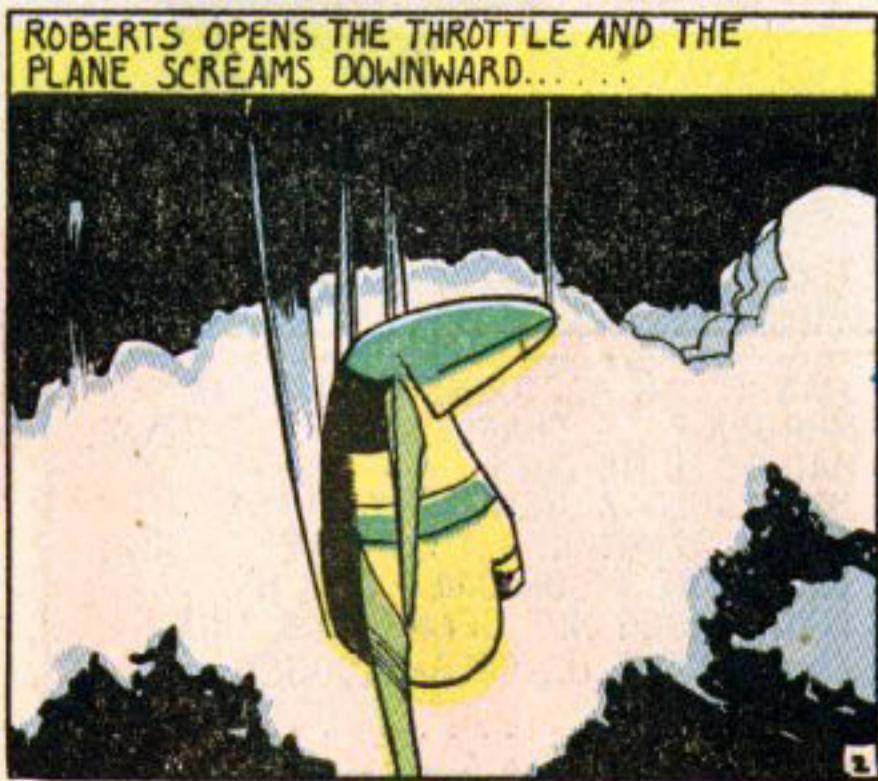
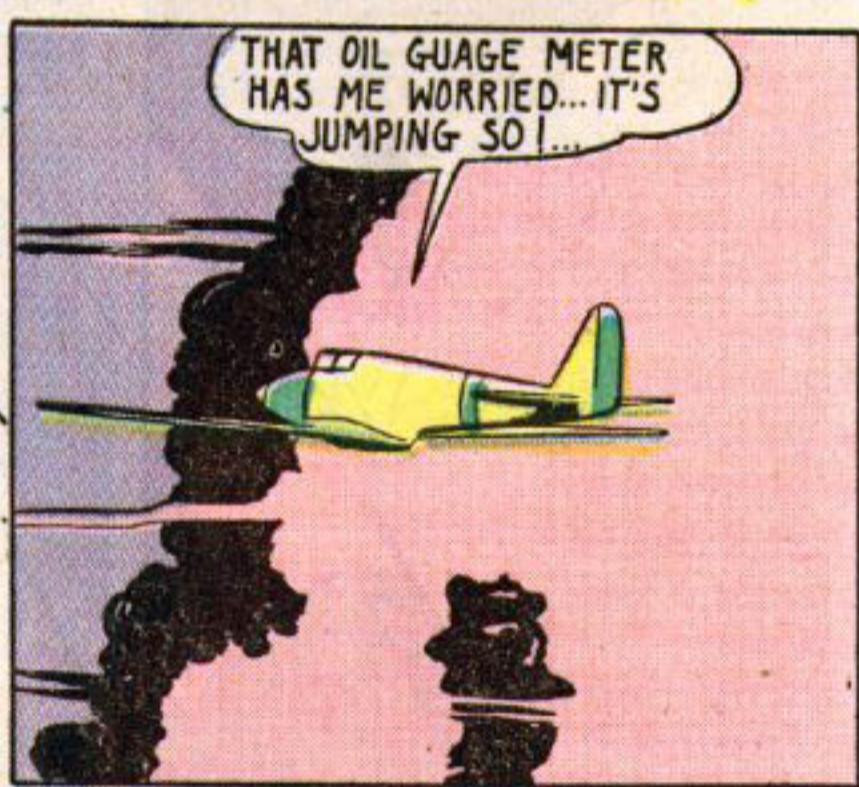


OUR STORY OPENS AT A MIDWESTERN AIR- FIELD.....

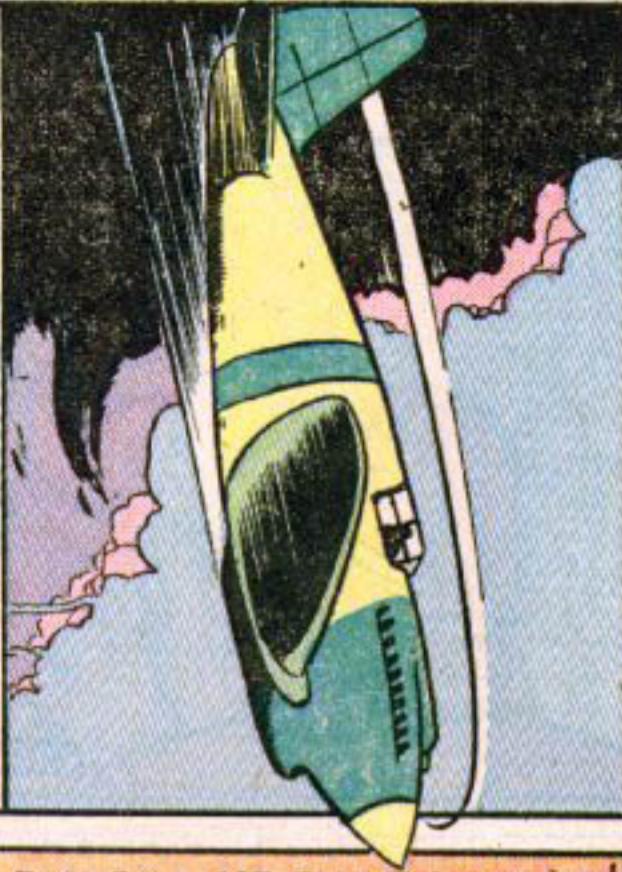
WAS IT AN ACCIDENT OR WAS IT MURDER?.... THAT'S WHAT THE F.B.I. HAD TO FIND OUT! HOW COULD A NEW ARMY PLANE CATCH AFIRE IN A TEST DIVE?.... AND WHEN THE PILOT BALES OUT HIS CHUTE DOES NOT OPEN! WAS THIS AN ACCIDENT OR COLD-BLOODED MURDER?.....



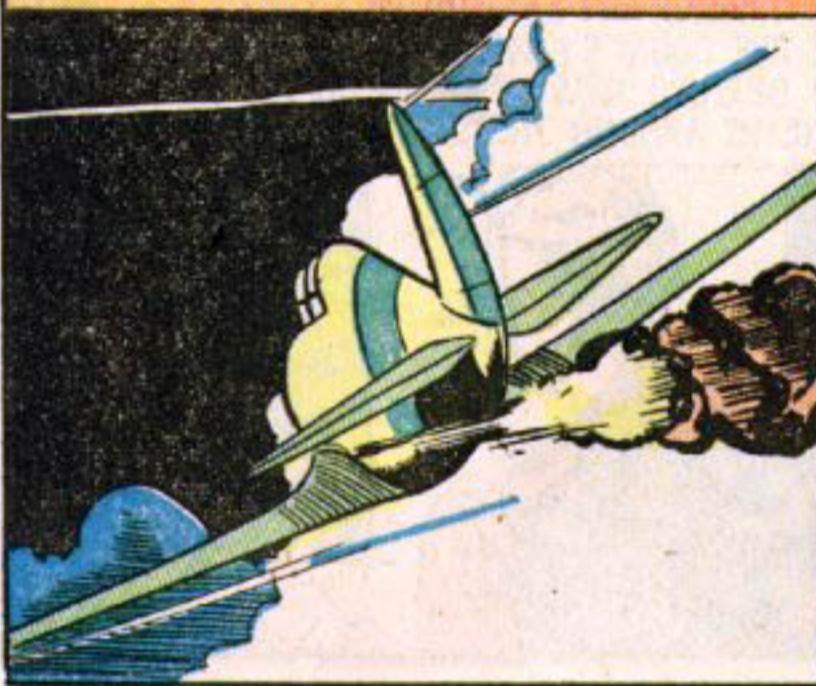
ROBERTS
LEVELS OFF
AT TEN
THOUSAND
FEET AND
CIRCLES
TWICE OVER
THE
AIRFIELD...



DOWN,
DOWN,
300,
400,
500,
550,
600
MILES
PER
HOUR!
THE
PLANE
SCREAMS
LIKE A
BULLET!



SUDDENLY, FLAMES SHOOT FROM THE ENGINE!



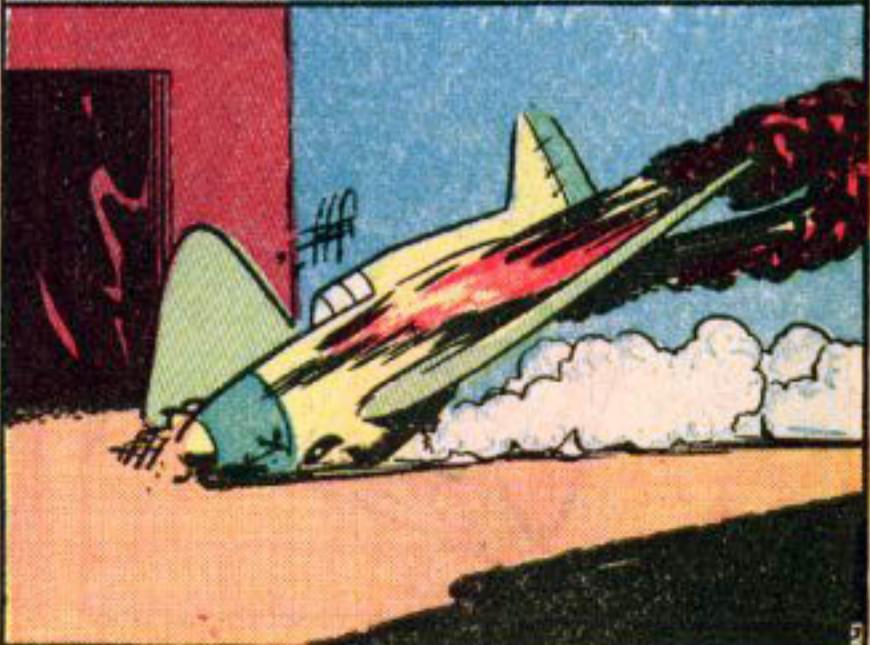
HE BAILED OUT.. GOOD
GRIEF HIS CHUTE
WON'T OPEN!



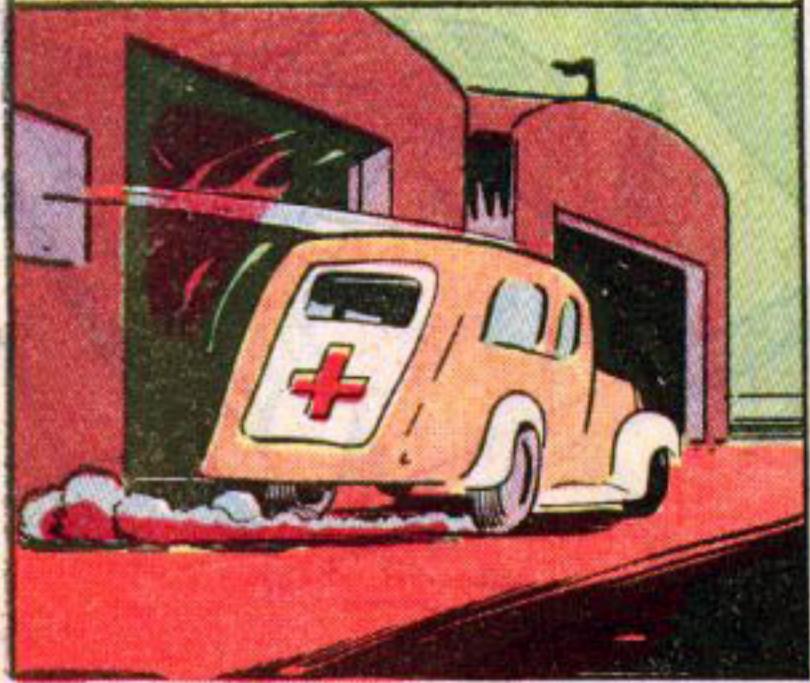
FOLLOWED BY BILLOWS OF SMOKE.. THE BURNING
PLANE SPINS CRAZILY AS THE PILOT LEAPS
FROM THE COCK-PIT!



THE TEST PILOT'S PLANE COMES IN AT A
TERRIFIC RATE OF SPEED AND CRASHES ON
THE RUNWAY NEAR THE HANGAR.....

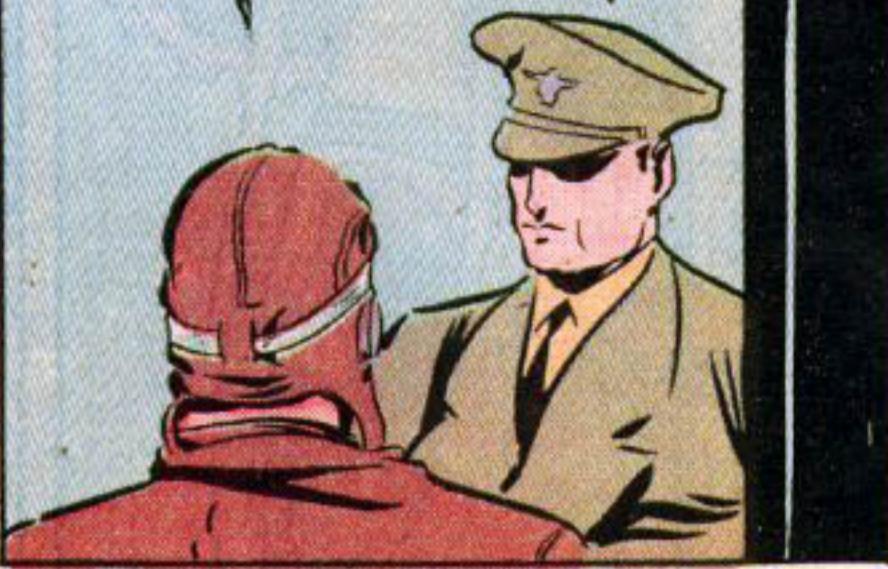


A FEW SECONDS LATER AN AMBULANCE RACES ACROSS THE AIRFIELD.



IT LOOKS LIKE ROBERTS IS DEAD.

YES ! AND THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT ! ... I'M CALLING IN THE F.B.I. !



THE FOLLOWING DAY F.B.I. AGENT, MORROWS, INVESTIGATES THE TRAGEDY.

DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING, MORROWS?

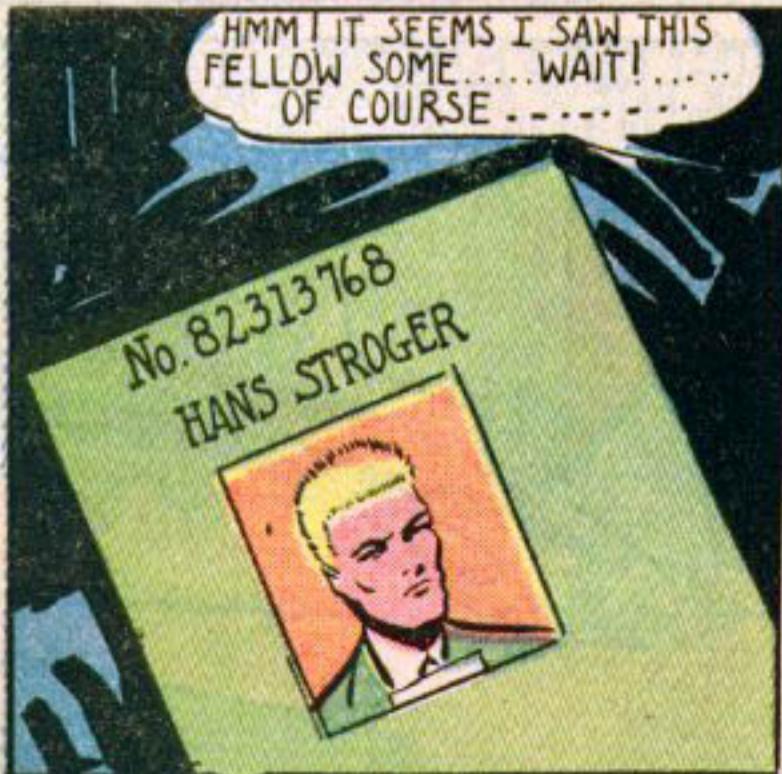
I THINK I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT CLUE !



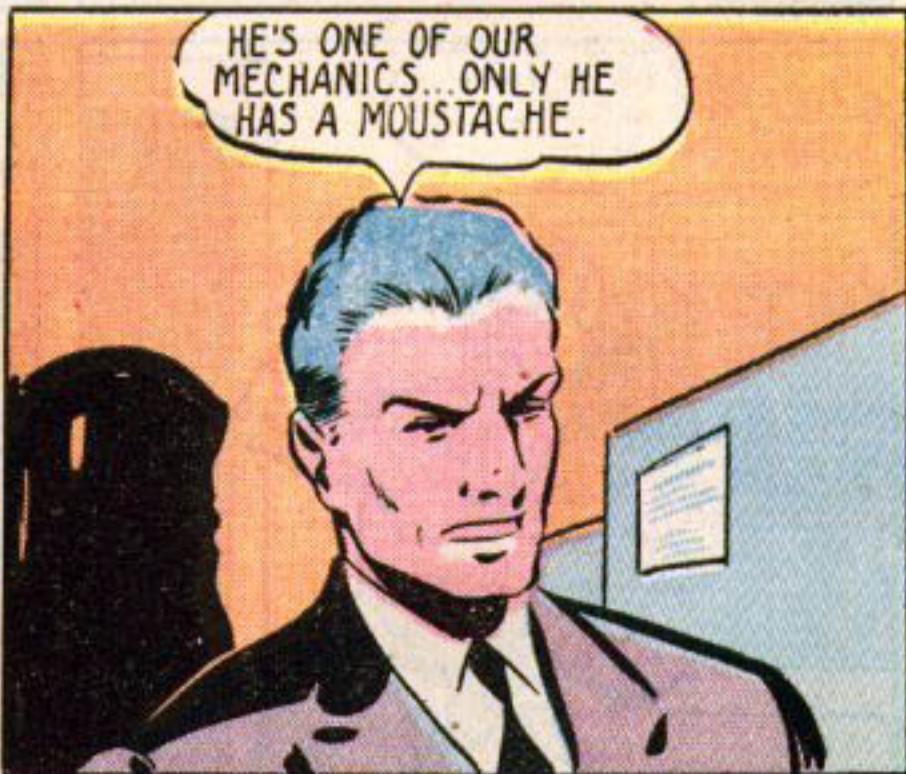
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH. IT'S HANS STROGER, A NAZI AGENT. WE TRACED HIM LAST TO THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY. WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE HE'S WORKING SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE !



HMM ! IT SEEMS I SAW THIS FELLOW SOME..... WAIT ! OF COURSE



HE'S ONE OF OUR MECHANICS... ONLY HE HAS A MOUSTACHE.



C'MON THEN LET'S
GET HIM BEFORE
MORE PILOTS LOSE
THEIR LIVES!

THERE HE IS HE
WAS LISTENING TO
US HE'S RUNNING
TO THAT PLANE!

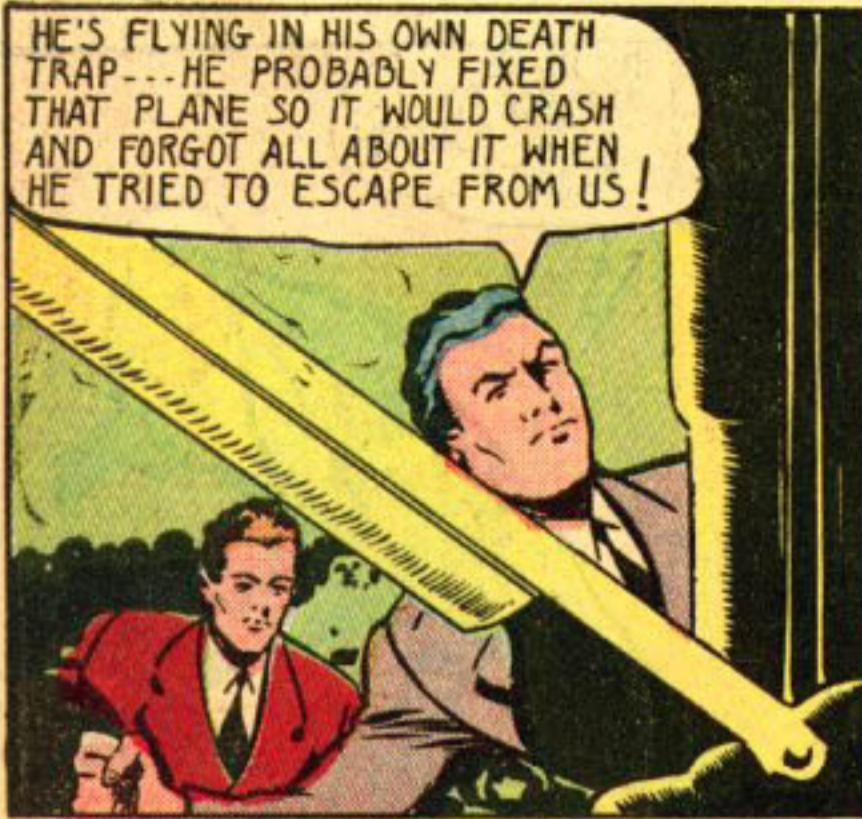
TOO LATE! HE GOT AWAY...
LET'S GO AFTER HIM IN ANOTHER
PLANE!

NO---LOOK!
WELL I'LL BE A
HORNED TOAD!

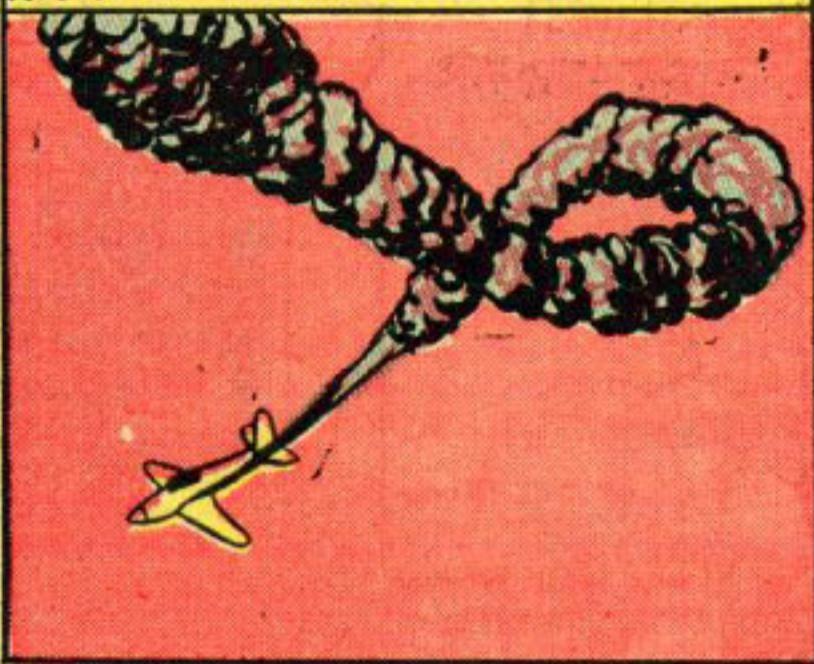
THE PLANE BURSTS INTO FLAMES AND
NOSES EARTHWARD OUT OF CONTROL!

IT'S ON FIRE...AND
I CAN'T J---JUMP!

HE'S FLYING IN HIS OWN DEATH TRAP---HE PROBABLY FIXED THAT PLANE SO IT WOULD CRASH AND FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT WHEN HE TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM US!



THE SABOTEUR TRIES DESPERATELY TO KEEP THE PLANE UNDER CONTROL...BUT IT ZOOMS EARTHWARD WITH TERRIFIC SPEED.

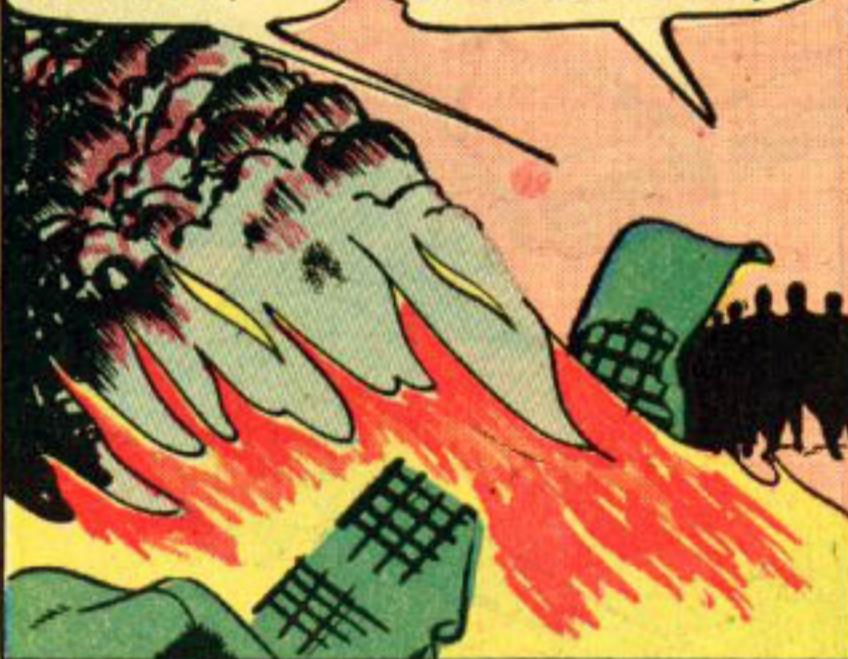


....AND CRASHES IN AN OPEN FIELD!

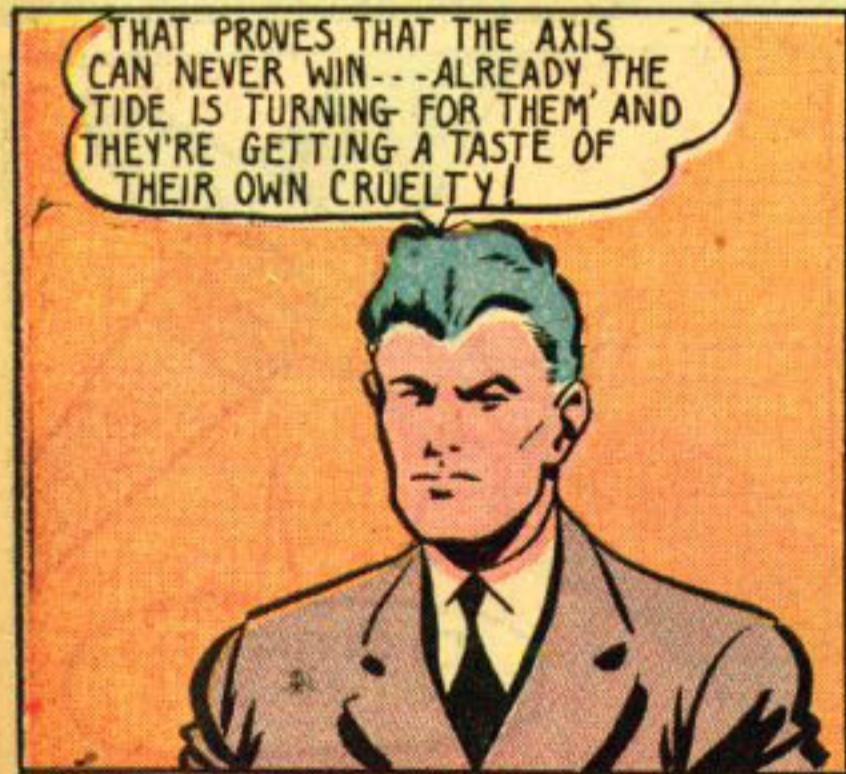


I GUESS HE'S DONE FOR!

YES, AND HE DIED BY HIS OWN HAND!



THAT PROVES THAT THE AXIS CAN NEVER WIN---ALREADY THE TIDE IS TURNING FOR THEM AND THEY'RE GETTING A TASTE OF THEIR OWN CRUELTY!



AND YOU, TOO, CAN HELP WIN THIS WAR! JUST KEEP BUYING ALL THE WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS POSSIBLE! EVERY DIME HELPS BRING VICTORY TO ALL THE ALLIED NATIONS!

Little Willie!

"LITTLE WILLIE" IS AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF BLUE BEETLE COMICS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?

by MEL)

DID YOU CALL ME MRS. VAN SNOOT? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA?

YES!

I WONDER IF YOU WOULD PLEASE KEEP AN EYE ON POLLY, MY PARROT? I'M GOING TO VISIT A FRIEND!

SURE! CAN I BRING IN MY PALS?

O.K. FELLAS! NOW NO FOOLIN' AROUND—SHE'LL BE BACK SOON!

HEY! LISTEN TO DA HIGH-BROW TALK OF DAT PARROT BOIDI!!

PIP PIP! OLD BOY! I SAY, OLD BEAN!!

CHICKIE! HERE SHE SHADAP OR COMES!

I'LL SLUG YA' ONE YA STUPID-LOOKIN' DOPE!!

?

WELL HOW'S MY LITTLE AW PIPE DOWN VAN SNOOT, POLLY? DID HE BEHAVE?

ER I'LL SLAP YA RIGHT IN THE KISSER YA STUPID—LOOKING !? *☆6@!136

!?



ROD RIPLEY

WIZARD OF SCIENCE

BY
JERRY
MAXWELL

COMMISSIONED BY A WORLD FAMOUS LABORATORY TO FIND A CURE FOR A MYSTERIOUS DISEASE RAVAGING HUMANITY, ROD HAS AT LAST FOUND A CLUE FOLLOWING IT UP HE AND HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT, ZARITA, ARRIVE IN THAT ANCIENT LAND OF THE DEAD, EGYPT!

WELL, ZARITA, THIS IS CAIRO...

LOVELY! BUT LET'S HURRY IF WE'RE TO MEET THE ENGLISH SCIENTIST, SIR BALCOLM!

LATER, IN A CAIRO HOTEL

SIR BALCOLM, WE MUST FIND THE LOST FORMULA OF RAMESSES...

HIS TOMB IS THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GHAZI... BUT IT HAS NEVER BEEN OPENED!

SIR BALCOLM ENGAGES ARAB GUIDES FOR THE TRIP. SUPPLIES ON CAMEL-BACK WAIT JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY, AS DAWN FINDS THE PARTY READY TO START.

AHMED, WHY HAS THE PYRAMID OF GHAZI REMAINED SEALED THESE THOUSANDS OF YEARS?

BECAUSE RAMESSES SEND CURSE OF ANCIENT EGYPT UPON DISTURBERS!

HEAR THAT, ZARITA? WE'VE GOT TO BUCK PLENTY OF SUPERSTITION IN THIS LAND!

SO WE TRAVEL AS A TEAM, EH, ROD?

YEPT? I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO GO CAMEL-BACK RIDING ON SOME SPIRITED BEAST THAT'D RUN OFF WITH YOU?

SUDDENLY, A FURIOUS DESERT SANDSTORM WHIPS UP, BLINDING MAN AND BEAST IN THE PLODGING CARAVAN . . .

OHT? . . . C.. CAN'T SEE . . .

HANG ON, HONEY?

ANGRY BILLOWS OF SAND OBLITERATE ALL TRACES OF CIVILIZATION. . . STICKING CLOSE TOGETHER FOR SAFETY, ROD'S PARTY PLOWS AHEAD BY INCHES ON FOOT. . .

AHMED? WE'RE LOST?

NO. AHMED KNOWS THIS DESERT IN SPITE OF STORM. . . GHAZI IS THIS WAY!

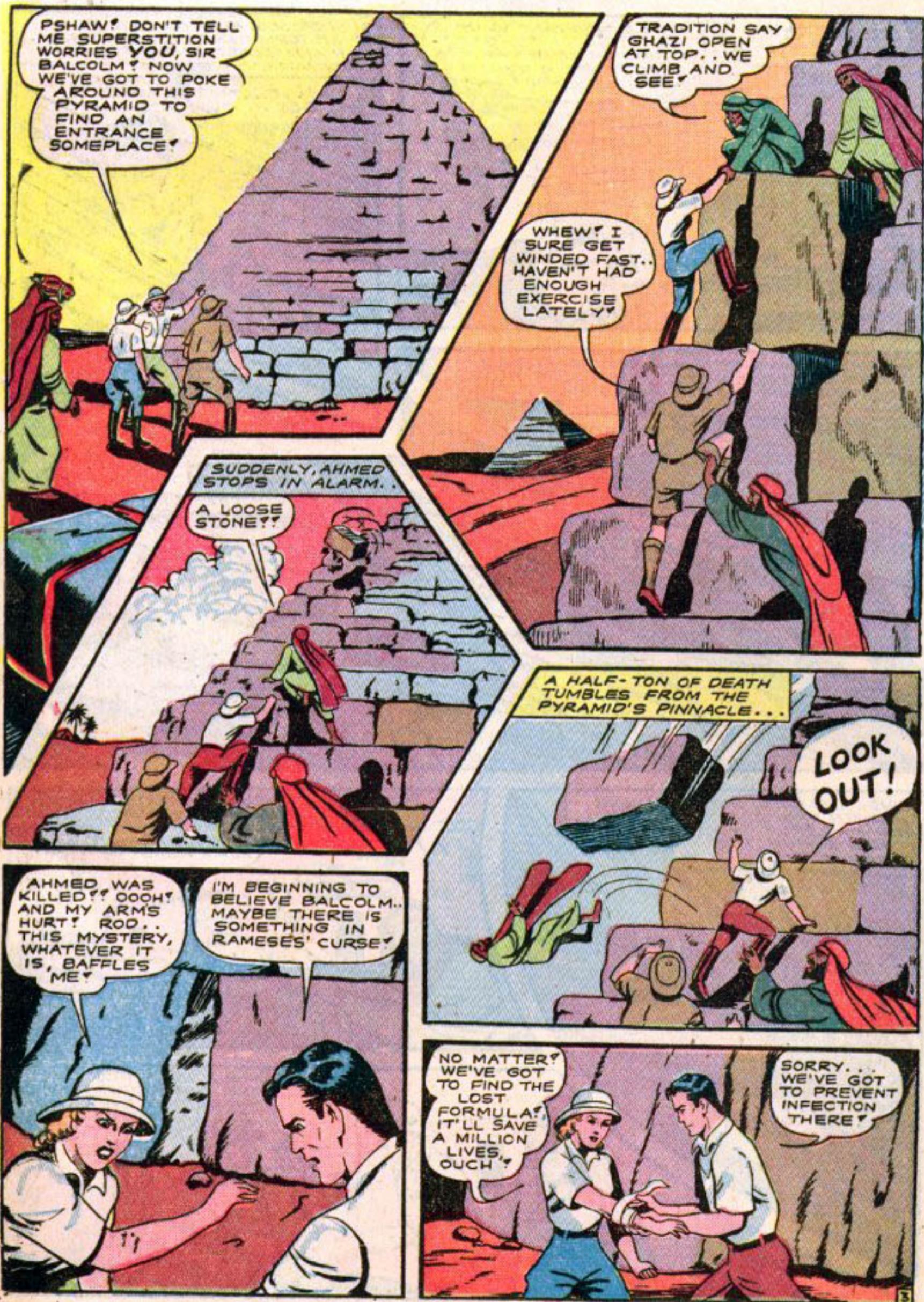
AHMED LEADING, THEY CONTINUE THROUGH THE SHIFTING SANDS... AND AS ABRUPTLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, THE STORM IS OVER . . .

SOMEHOW, SIR BALCOLM FALLS BEHIND. . . ROD WOULD GO BACK AFTER HIM, BUT..

HO! THANK HEAVEN! HERE HE IS!

LOST, EH?

FOR A WHILE, ROD. I'VE THE STRANGEST FEELING THAT EVEN THE ELEMENTS OPPOSE US!



THE BEDOUINS MOURN NOISILY AROUND THE DEAD AHMED.

WE'LL HAVE TO LET THEM GO BACK TO THEIR VILLAGE TO BURY AHMED...

YES.. THE REST OF THE JOB IS UP TO US.. ALONE! ROD, I'VE DISCOVERED A MOBILE STONE AT THE PYRAMID BASE..

SHOVING ASIDE THE ENTRANCE BLOCK, ROD, ZARITA AND BALCOLM FIND THEMSELVES IN A GLOOMY CORRIDOR...



THAT MUST BE THE WAY TO RAMSES' SARCOPHAGUS.. DARK.. WE'LL GO BY TORCHLIGHT!

BRRR.. GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



A WEIRD, OPPRESSIVE SILENCE FILLS THE TOMB.. THE SILENCE OF CENTURIES SUDDENLY DISTURBED

IN WE GO!

I FEEL SO STRANGE, ROD.



ROD LEADS THE WAY INTO A VAST STONE CHAMBER.. THE FLICKERING TORCHLIGHT ILLUMINATES THE ANCIENT DECORATIONS.. AND...



HERE HE IS, OLD RAMSES HIMSELF!

OH! HOW HORRIBLE HE LOOKS!

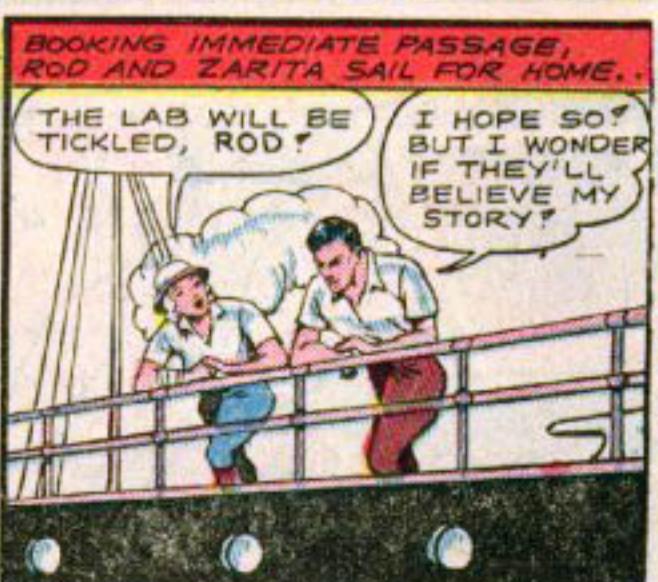


SUDDENLY, SIR BALCOLM FALLS DIZZILY TO THE FLOOR...

STRANGE.. IT'S A THROBBING PAIN GOING THROUGH MY HEAD.

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER SOON AS WE'RE OUT OF HERE!



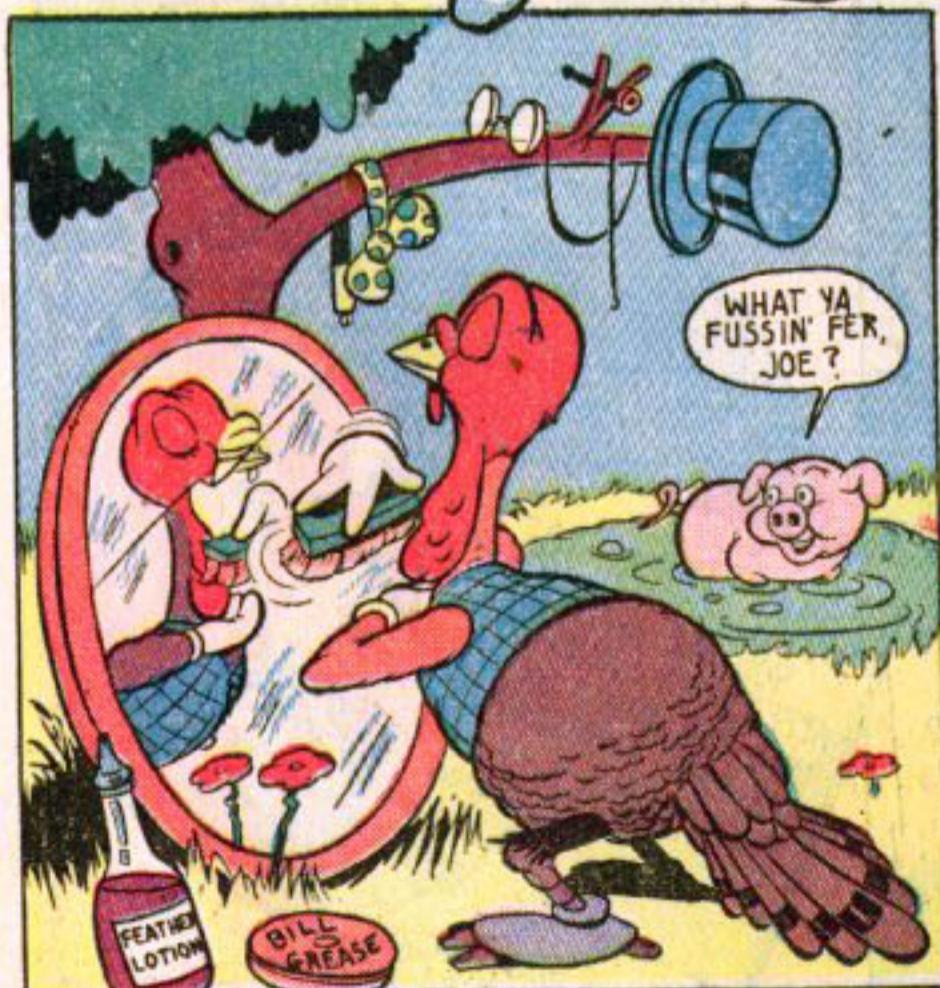
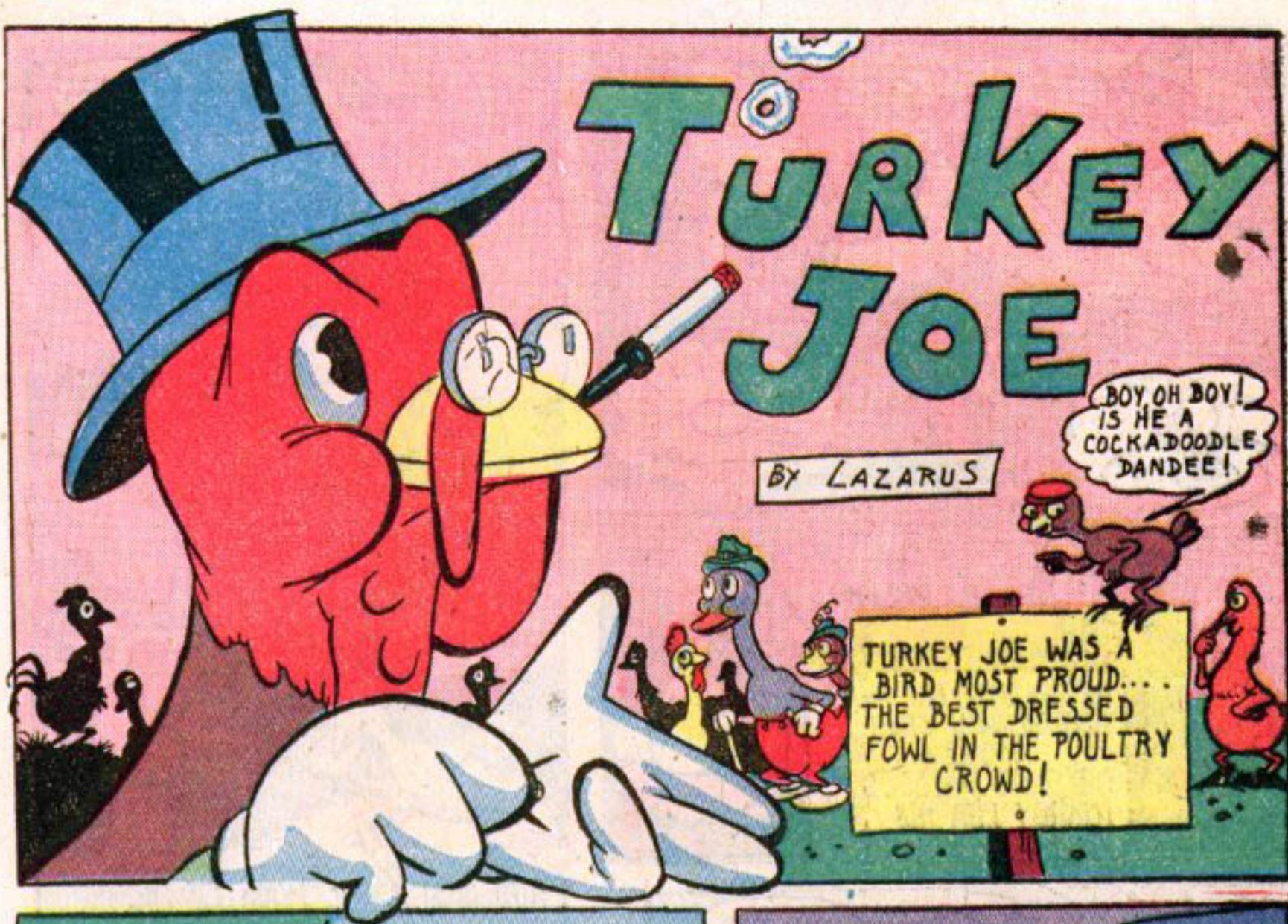


TURKEY JOE

BY LAZARUS

BOY OH BOY!
IS HE A
COCKADOOLE
DANDEE!

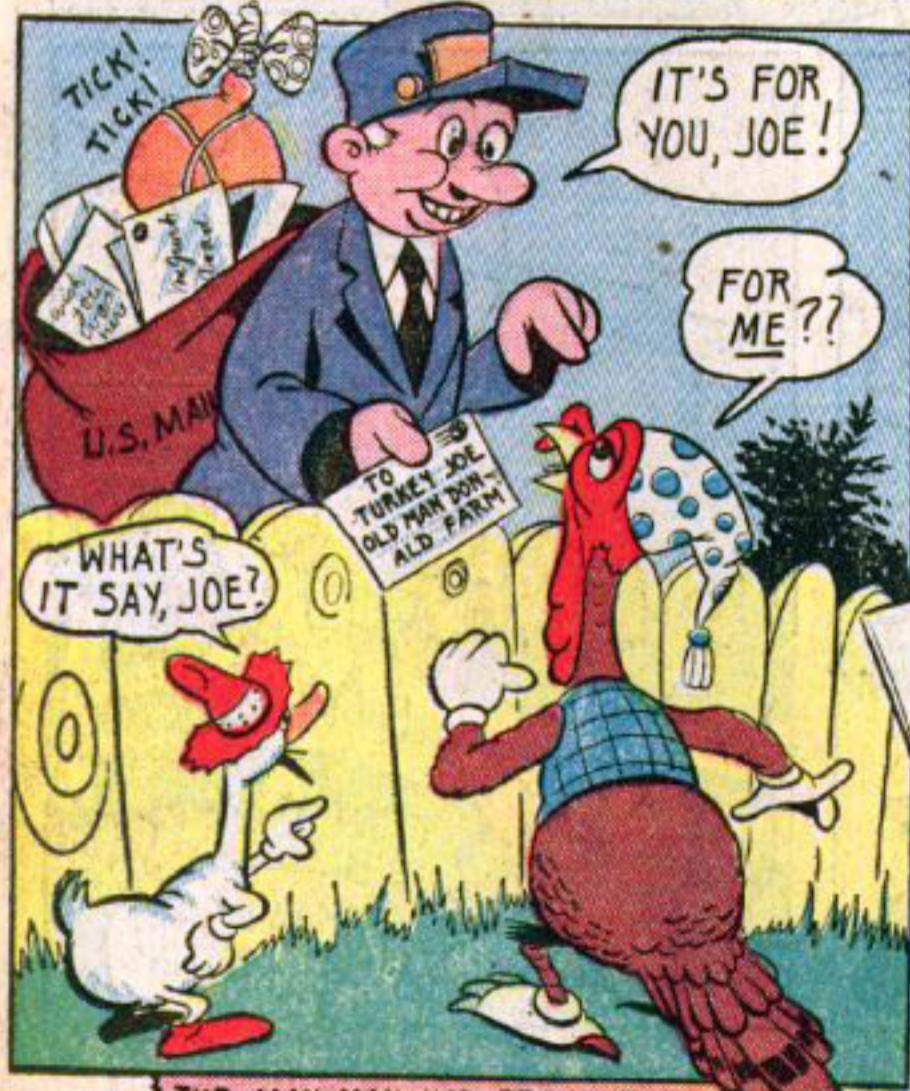
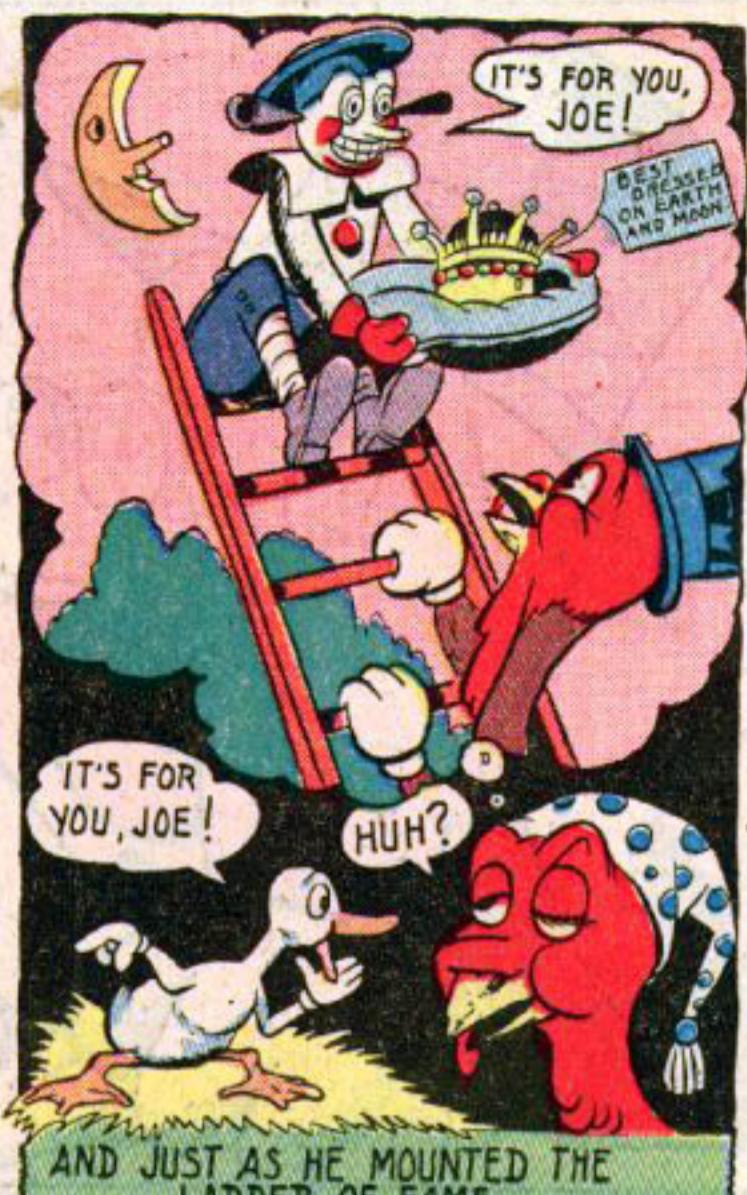
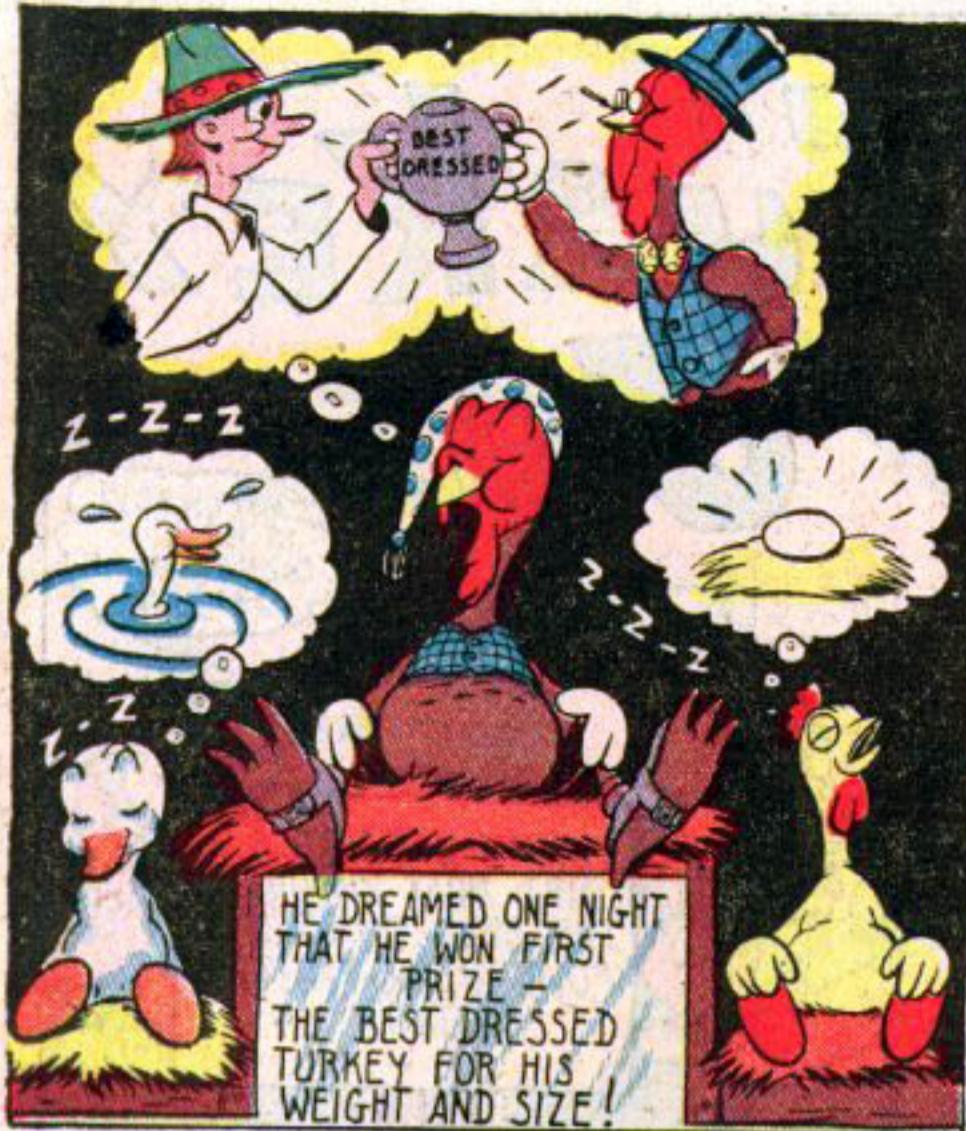
TURKEY JOE WAS A
BIRD MOST PROUD....
THE BEST DRESSED
FOWL IN THE POULTRY
CROWD!



HE POLISHED AND SCRUBBED TO
TURKEY PERFECTION -
AND HE NEVER GOT TIRED OF HIS
OWN REFLECTION!

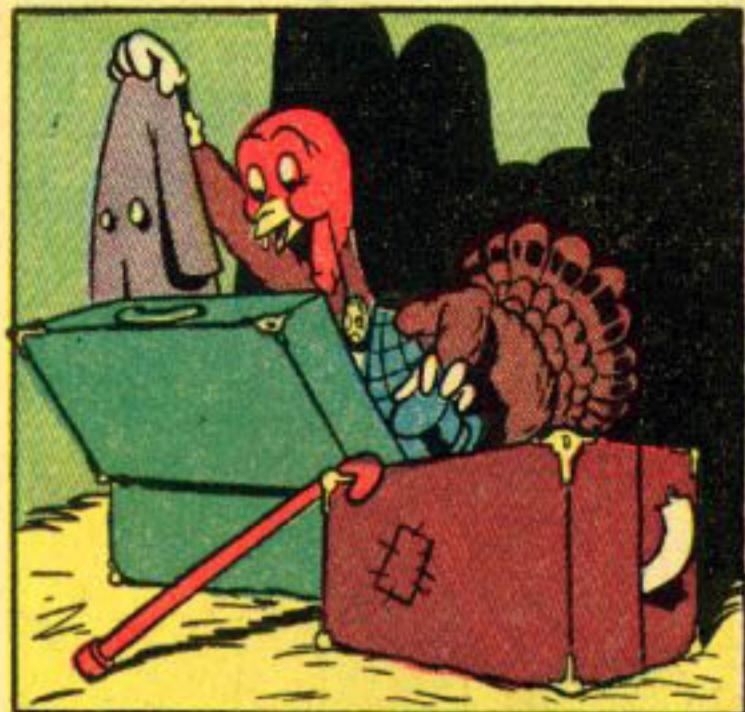


THERE WAS ONLY THIS TROUBLE
WITH TURKEY JOE!
HE WAS ALL DRESSED UP, AND
NOWHERES TO GO!

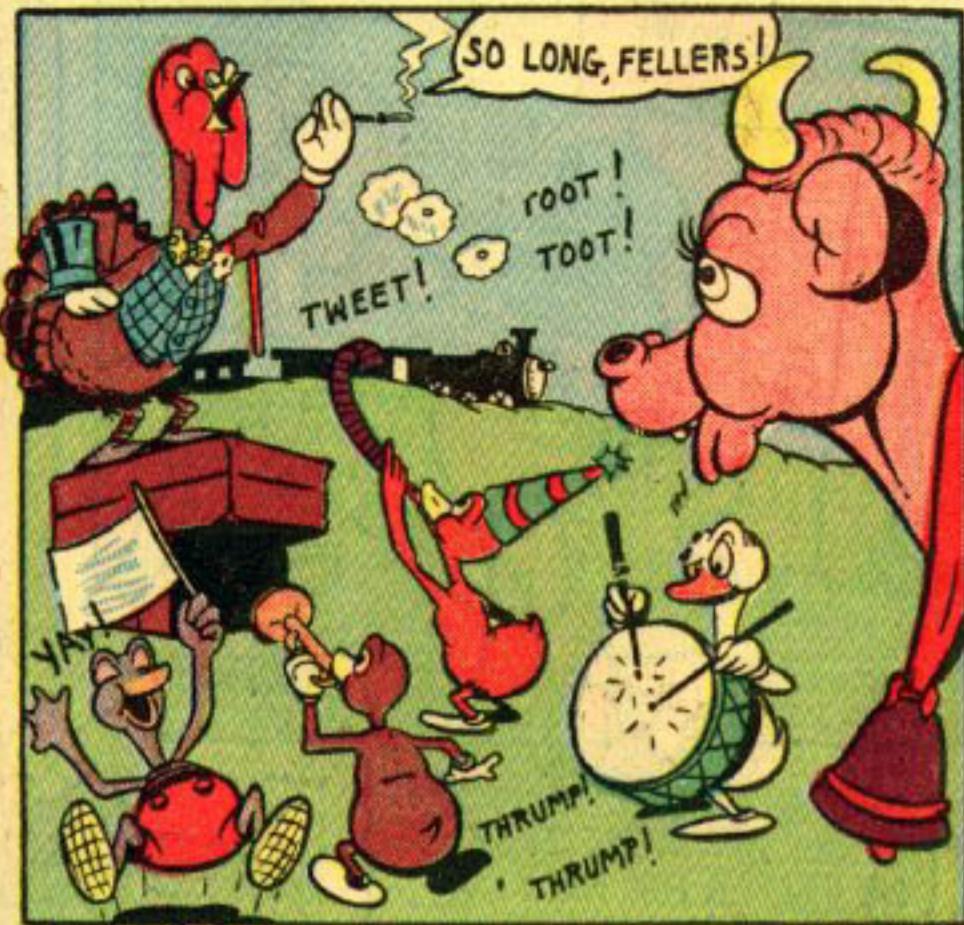


THE MAILMAN HAD BROUGHT HIM A LETTER! WHAT'S MORE SUCH A THING NEVER HAPPENED TO A TURKEY BEFORE!

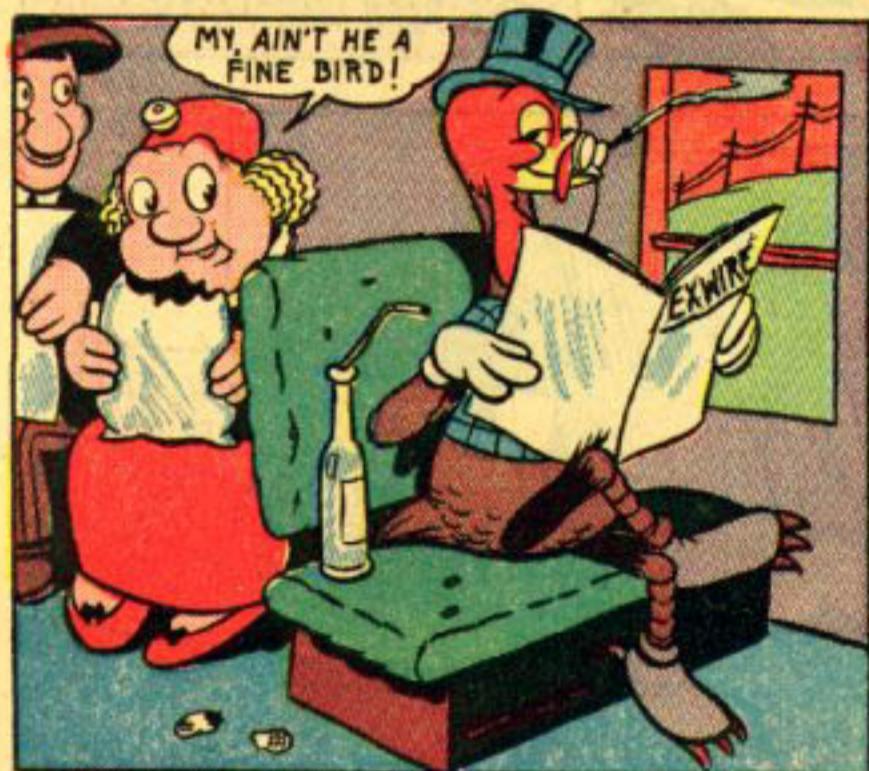




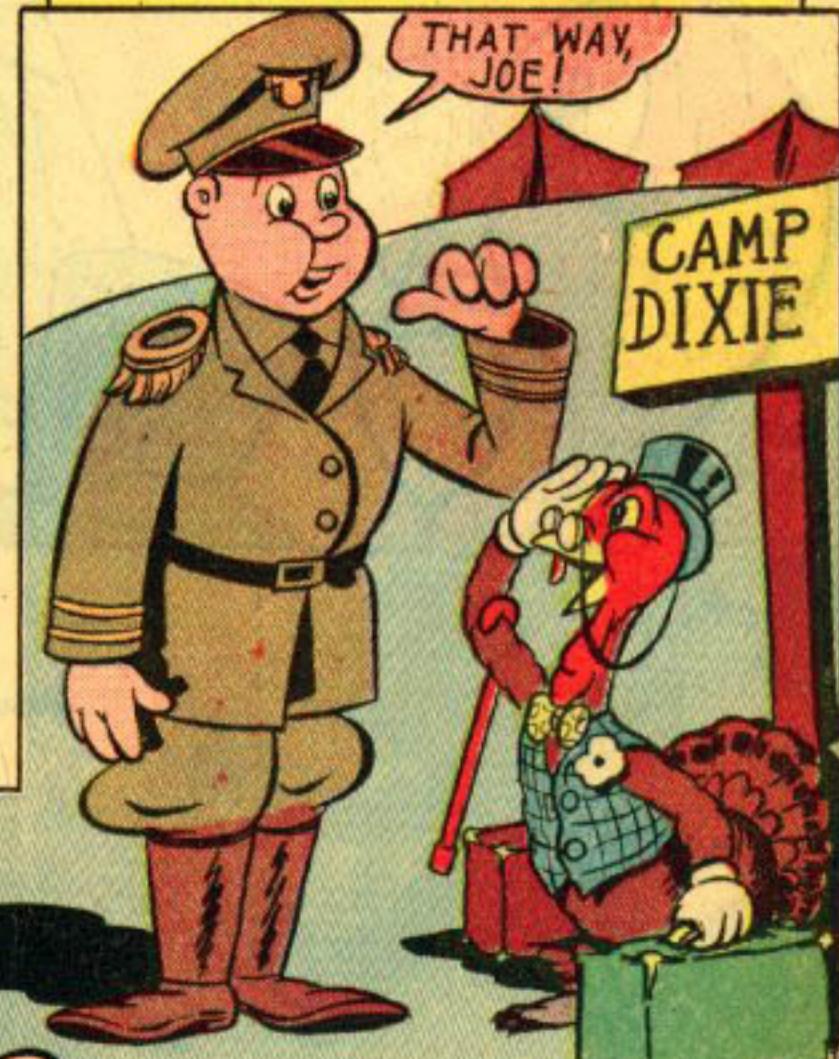
HIS EXCITEMENT WAS SUCH, HE COULD NOT TAKE ENOUGH - AS HE PACKED TWO VALISES WITH CLOTHING AND STUFF!

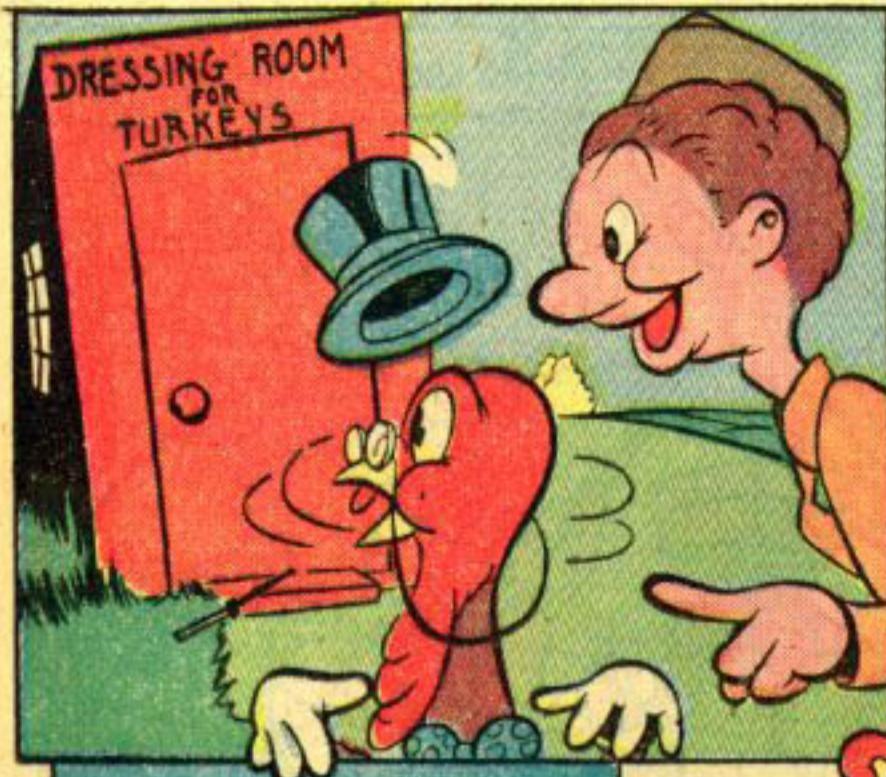


TO HIS FRIENDS, HE THEN MADE A SHORT SPEECH OF FAREWELL ----- THE DUCKS PLAYED THE BAND, AND THE COW RANG HER BELL!

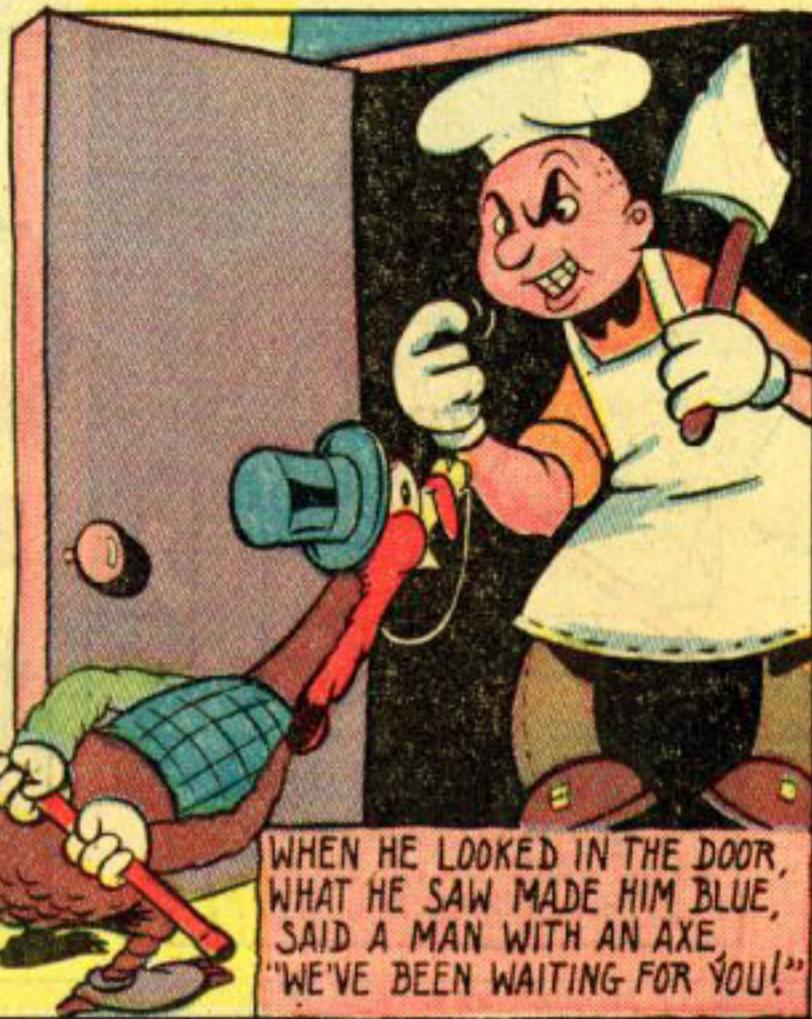


HE TRAVELED BY TRAIN, AND IT WAS A SUCCESS.
ALL THE PASSENGERS NOTED HIS NEATNESS OF DRESS.





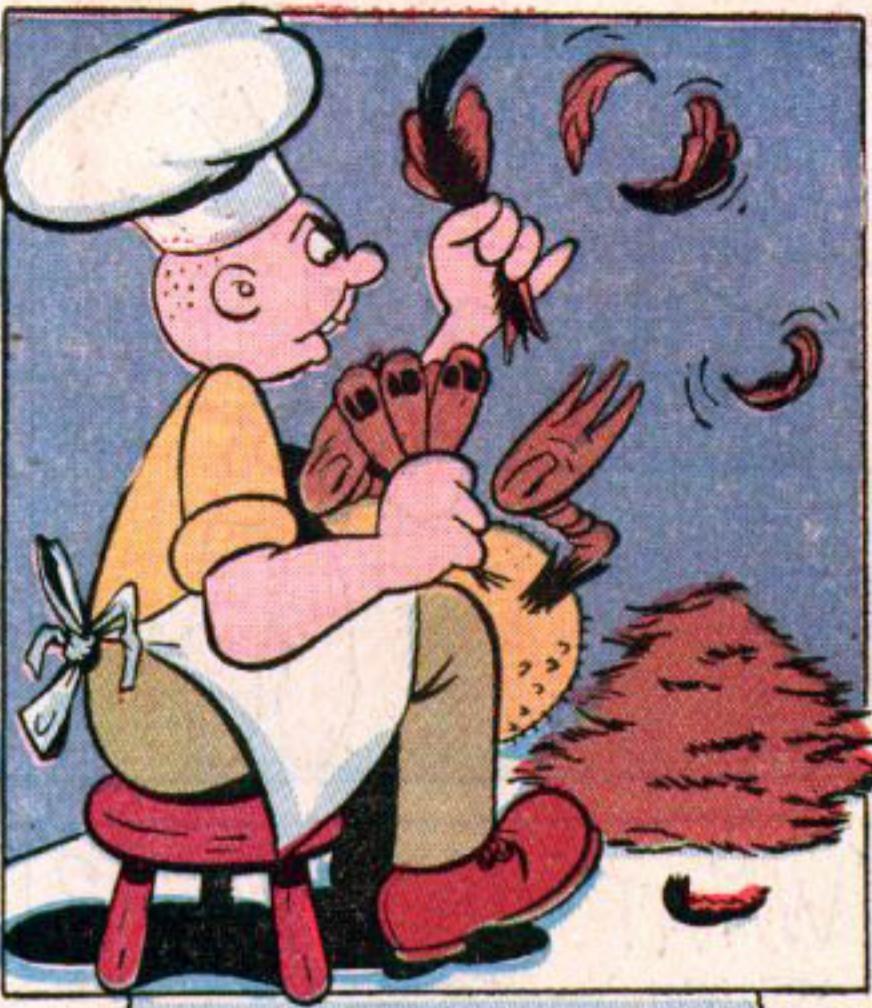
"BUT I AM DRESSED!" SAID JOE
"BUT NOT IN THE STYLE
WE PREFER FOR THE ARMY",
HE WAS TOLD WITH A SMILE.



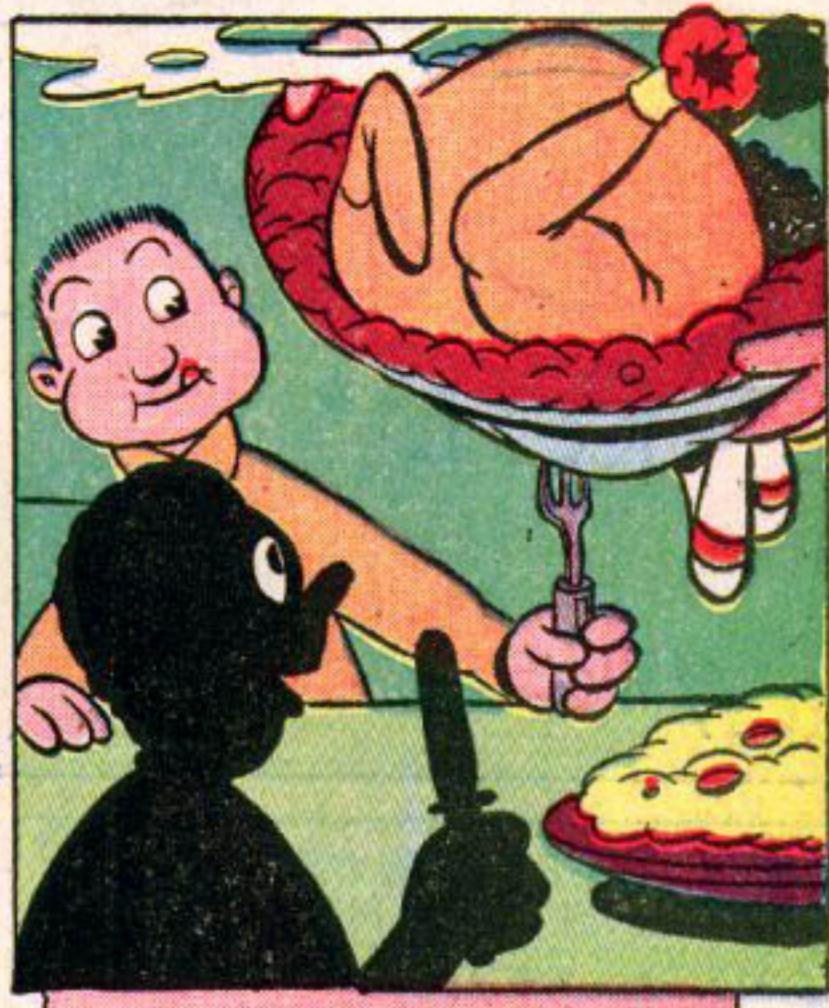
WHEN HE LOOKED IN THE DOOR,
WHAT HE SAW MADE HIM BLUE,
SAID A MAN WITH AN AXE,
"WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!"



"MY ERROR" SAID JOE AND HE STARTED TO GO-
BUT THE MAN WITH THE AXE COULD RUN FASTER THAN JOE!



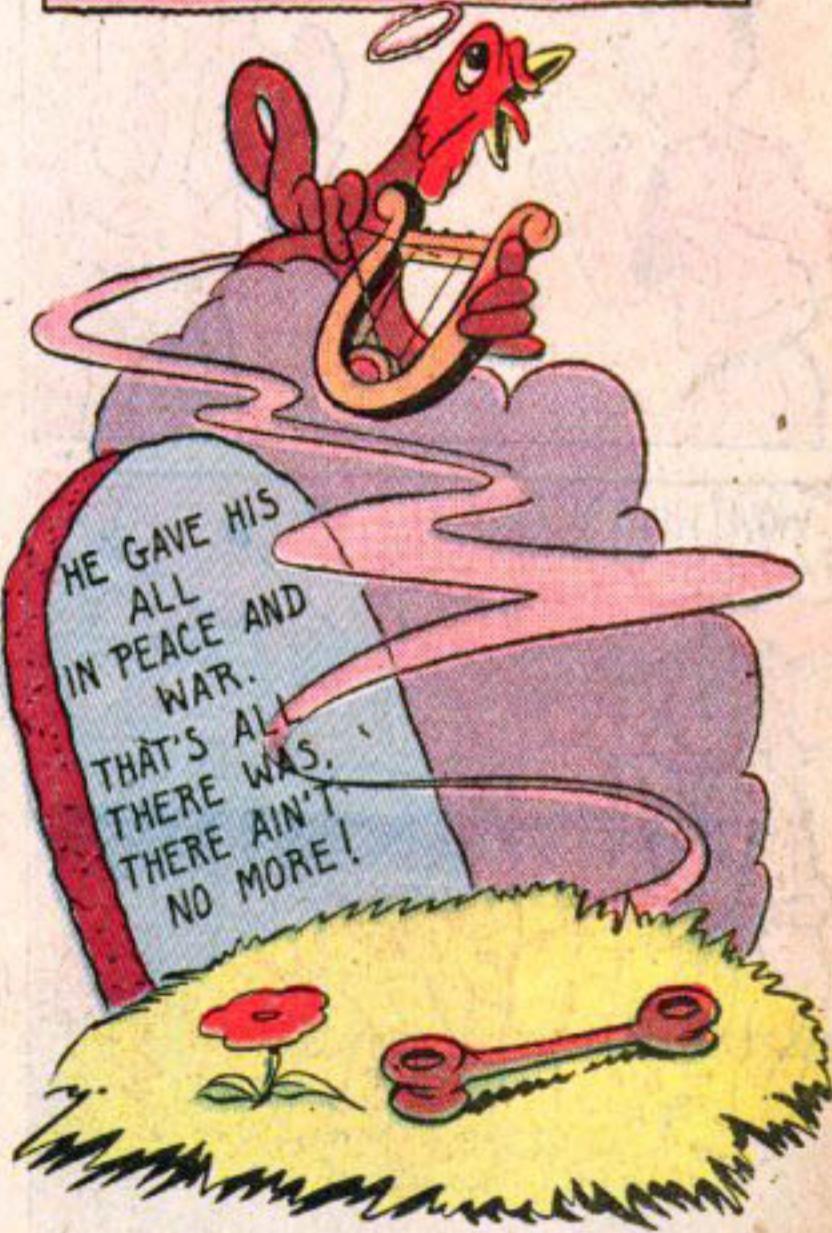
POOR JOE LOST HIS HEAD
AND HIS FINE FEATHERS TOO!
HE WAS DRESSED IN A MANNER
BOTH DIFFERENT AND NEW!



BUT WHEN HE WAS SERVED, ALL THE
BOYS SAID, "HOW GRAND!"
HE STILL IS THE BEST DRESSED
BIRD IN THE LAND!"



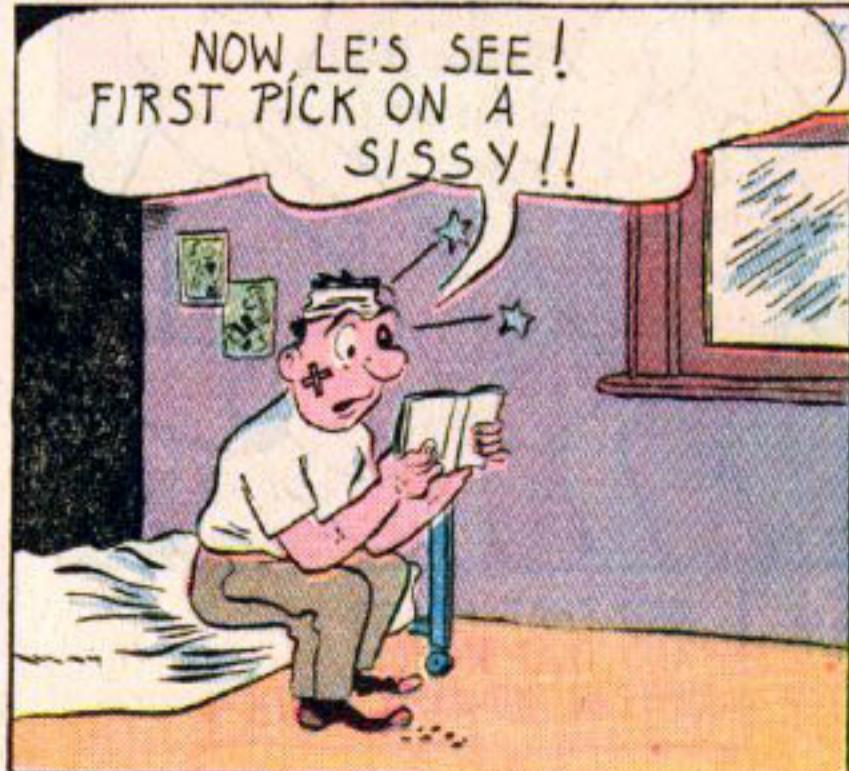
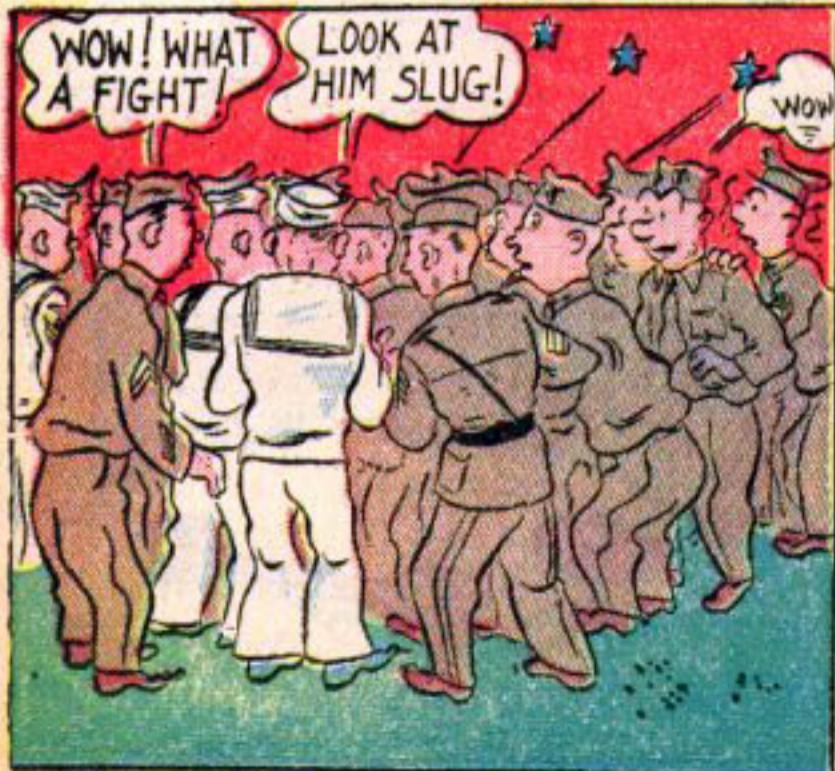
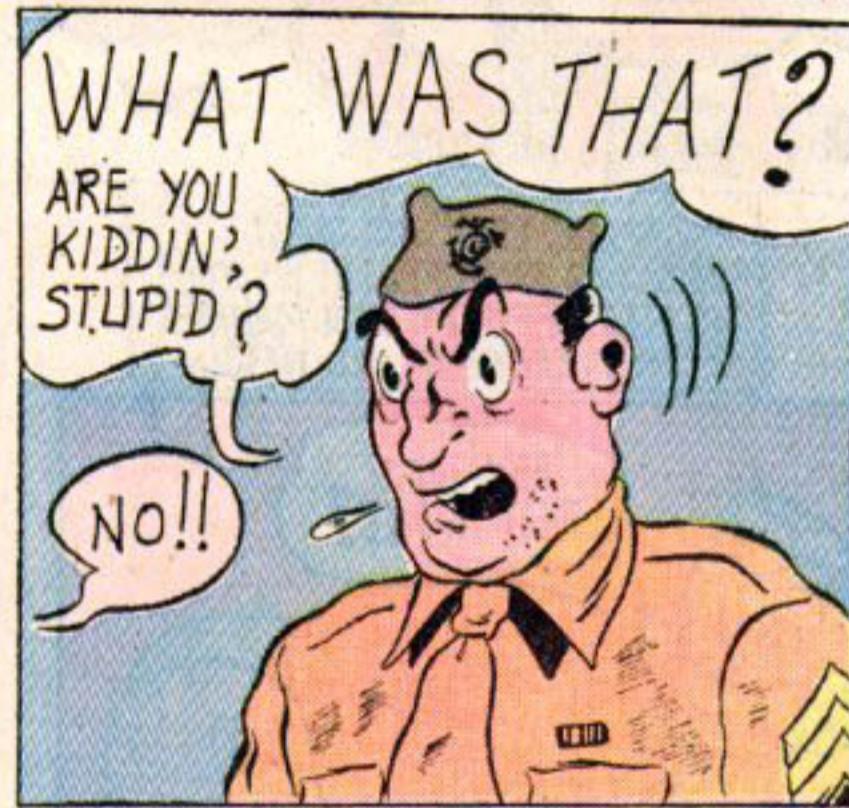
AND THAT IS WHY
AND THAT IS HOW,
JOE IS IN THE ARMY NOW!



"ROOKIE ROD"

by MEL!

NOW LE'S SEE-H-M-M. THE
MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE
FIRST-HOW TO BOX A
SKILLED OPPONENT---



YOUNG NORWEGIAN HERO FOOLS GESTAPO

The Norway Merchant Marine does double duty in this war. With its ships and men, it carries a sizable part of our war cargo. With the income obtained from this service, the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission supports the Royal Norwegian Air Force's training school at Little Norway in Canada.

The first planes to be used at Little Norway, when it opened in 1940, consisted of a shipment from the United States which had been ordered by the Norwegian government before the invasion. Since then the camp has been continuously supplied with the most modern flying equipment the United Nations can furnish.

From its beginning, the school has had an average of 1000 men in training. From it, they go to take their place beside British and American flyers in the relentless air warfare of Europe.

Everyone Has An Escape Story

Everyone at Camp Little Norway, from its greenest recruit to its commander, Lt. Col. Ole Reistad, got to Canada by fleeing his native land. Each has an escape story to tell.

The story of Knut Fredriksen illustrates the determination of these Norwegian boys (many of them were less than 14 years old when they started to shoulder a gun against Hitler) to fight for United Nations, at whatever risk.

Knut Fredriksen was a school boy of 16 when the Nazis invaded his homeland. Like many of his classmates, he escaped from Oslo, joined the army and played his part in the hopelessly unmatched fight against the Germans.

When the army was demobilized, the lad returned to Oslo and school. The schooling was unconventional for the students gave more attention to schemes of sabotage than algebra formulae.

Gestapo Caught Him

One day the Gestapo caught him taking arms from a German arsenal near Oslo. There was the semblance of a trial. He was sentenced to a year and a half in a German prison.

Awaiting his shipment to Germany and possible death, he was lodged in a Gestapo jail in Oslo. Here his captors, deceived by his youth and apparent guilelessness, made him a trusty and assigned him to routine tasks at Gestapo headquarters. This gave him an opportunity to do useful work for Norway.

At the headquarters where he went every morning in a special police car, he was able to steal stamps and official Gestapo envelopes. He sent letters all over Norway for his fellow prisoners in jail, confident that no censor would touch a letter bearing the stamp of the secret police.

Used Gestapo's Phones

He even used the Gestapo's telephone to send messages out from the room where they had set him to work. He operated so smoothly that he aroused no suspicion. Not until the morning he escaped out of the window of the Gestapo headquarters.

He zigzagged through the forest paths toward the Swedish border which he finally reached in safety. While waiting for a means of escape to turn up, he again went back to school, this time a technical school in Gothenburg

One day in December, 1941, Knut Fredriksen, along with 95 other persevering patriots, set sail for England in a Swedish fishing boat. They ran the German blockade through the narrow straits between Norway and Denmark.

Struck a Storm

Midway in the North Sea they struck a storm. Their small boat sprang leaks. They knew they could never get to England; feared they would not get back to Sweden. But they reached Gothenburg.

Knut went back to school, for a while.

On the first of April, 1942, 10 Norwegian merchant vessels interned in a Swedish port made a suicidal dash for freedom. Some were sunk by German bombers and surface raiders; some had to turn back. One reached a British port. On board was a stowaway named Knut Fredriksen.

From England, he went to Canada where, today, he is in training at Little Norway.

Flyer Fredriksen gets his recruit training at Little Norway. Then he goes to Camp Muskola, 120 miles north, where the country much resembles his native Norway. Further training with the R. A. F. takes place at one of the British Commonwealth's air schools in western Canada. Finally, he returns to Little Norway for his last hours of student flying, with Curtiss fighters, Douglas bombers and Northrop patrol bombers.

American-Norwegian Heroes

The Nazi invasion of Norway personalized their interest in the war for the nearly one million Americans of Norwegian descent now in this country. The entry of the United States into the war strengthened the stake. Today our Norwegian-American groups are

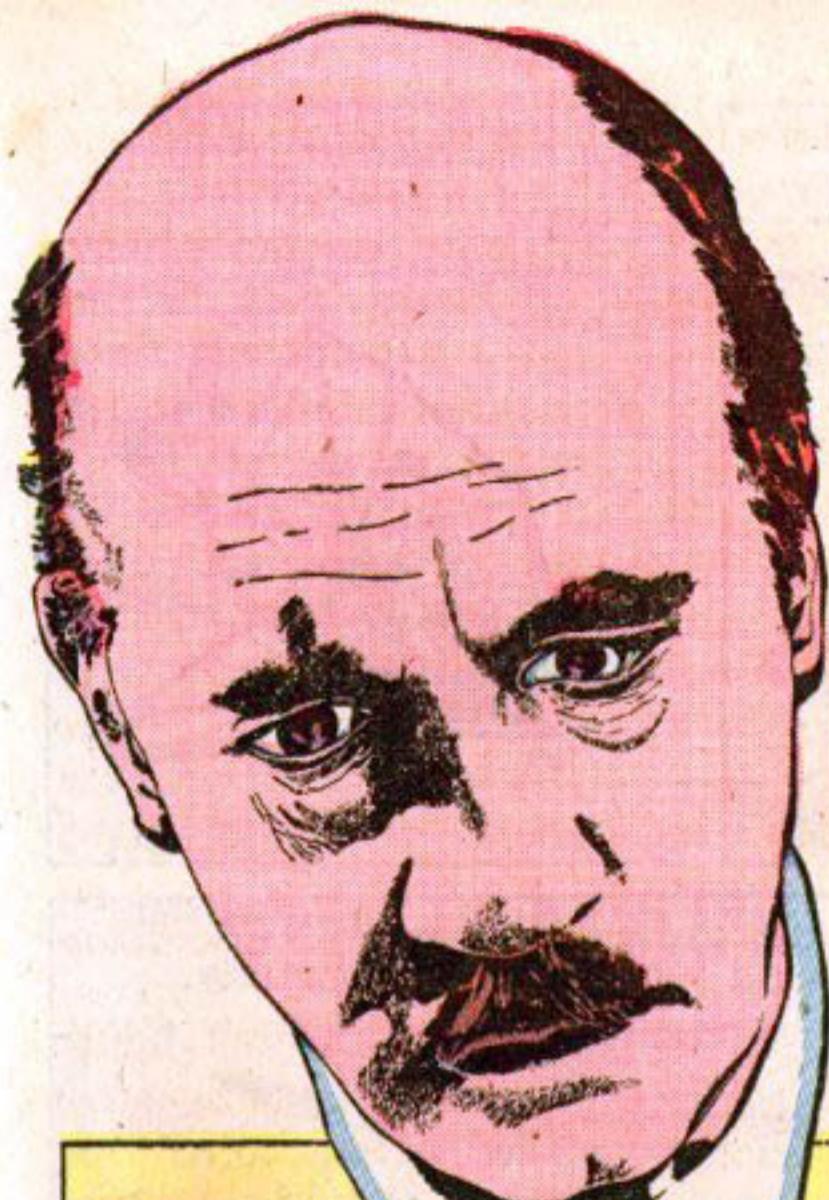
giving deep and substantial support to the war programs of both America and Norway.

Boys whose parents or grandparents were born in Norway are in all branches of our armed forces. Navy and War Department citations do not give the ancestry of the heroes. If they did, these records would show that the heroism of the Norwegian-Americans can take its proud place beside that of the Free Norwegians, as an example to the world, and in history.

First Lieut. James Perry Muri, whose father was born in Norway, was given the Distinguished Service Cross for participating in the first air attacks on enemy ships in the Pacific. Muri returned to his base with 500 bullet holes in his plane and two of his crew severely wounded. He reported one enemy aircraft sunk, and Japanese vessels left burning.

Second Lieut. Erling J. Nossom, whose parents are Norwegian, was decorated with the Silver Star for action at Bali and Java during the Netherlands Indies campaign. This bombardier of a seven-man Flying Fortress crew was cited for "meritorious achievement and performance in aerial flight against the armed enemy."

Norwegian-Americans are also doing a good job on the civilian front. These sturdy descendants of the approximately one million Norwegians who have migrated to America since the first boat landed in New York in 1825 have been pretty completely absorbed in our national life. Their part in winning the war is basically the same as that of their neighbors in New York or Minnesota. Their ancestry, however, gives an added emphasis to their share in our common cause.



Igor SIKORSKY

AND HIS AMAZING HELICOPTER

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO A GAWKY FLYING MACHINE WITH A LARGE THREE-BLADED PROPELLER LIFTED ITSELF AND ITS INVENTOR OFF A GRASSY MEADOW IN STRATFORD, CONN.

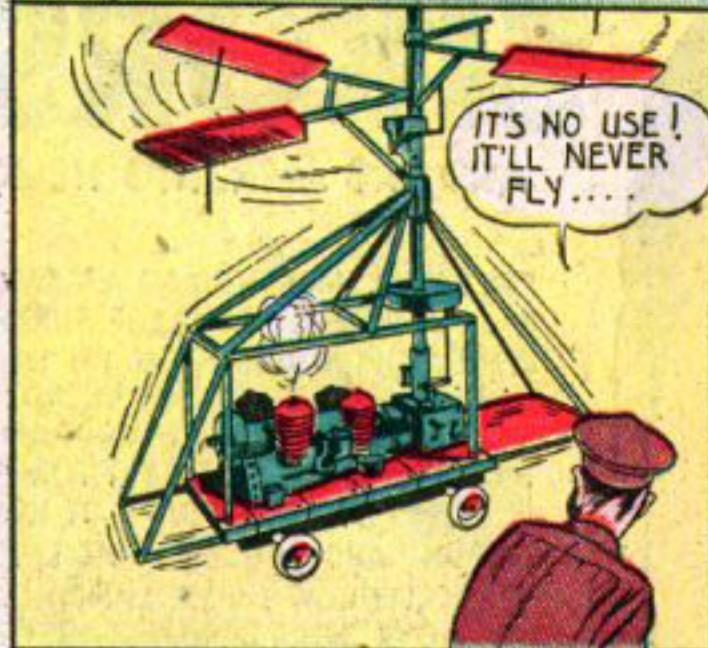
TO SPECTATORS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST ANOTHER AIRPLANE EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT IT FLEW STRAIGHT UP! IT HOVERED OVER THE GROUND AND A SHORT WHILE LATER IT DESCENDED VERTICALLY DOWN TO A LANDING.

HOW THIS REMARKABLE MACHINE, WHICH WILL SOON BE EVERYMAN'S AIRPLANE, WAS DEVELOPED, IS TOLD IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES.



THE IDEA OF THE HELICOPTER IS NOT A NEW ONE. AS FAR BACK AS 1908, IGOR SIKORSKY, SON OF A RUSSIAN PROFESSOR, HAD VISIONS OF AN AIRPLANE THAT COULD ASCEND AND DESCEND VERTICALLY. HE BUILT HIS FIRST ONE IN THAT YEAR.....

IT WAS A CLUMSY LOOKING AFFAIR AND IT COULD NOT FLY... SIKORSKY SOON ABANDONED IT.....

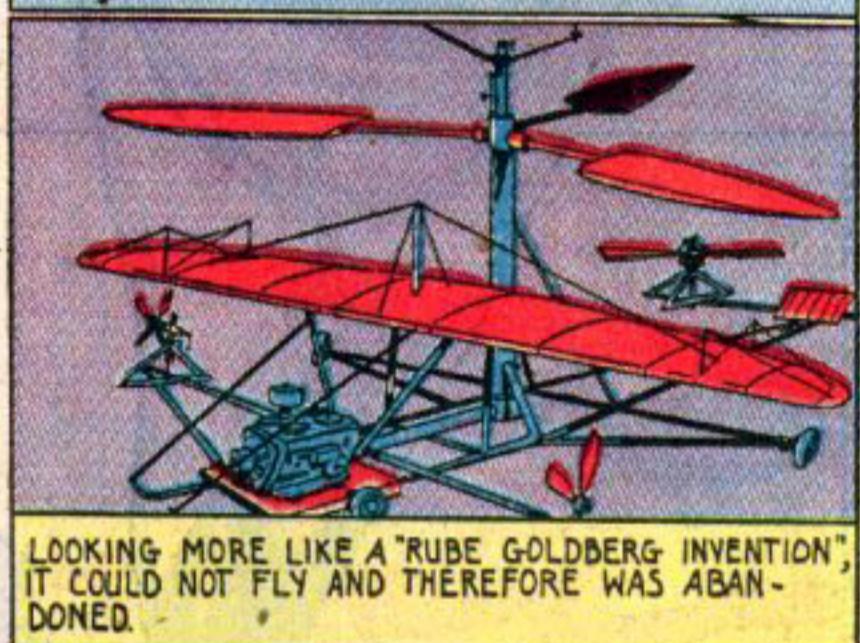
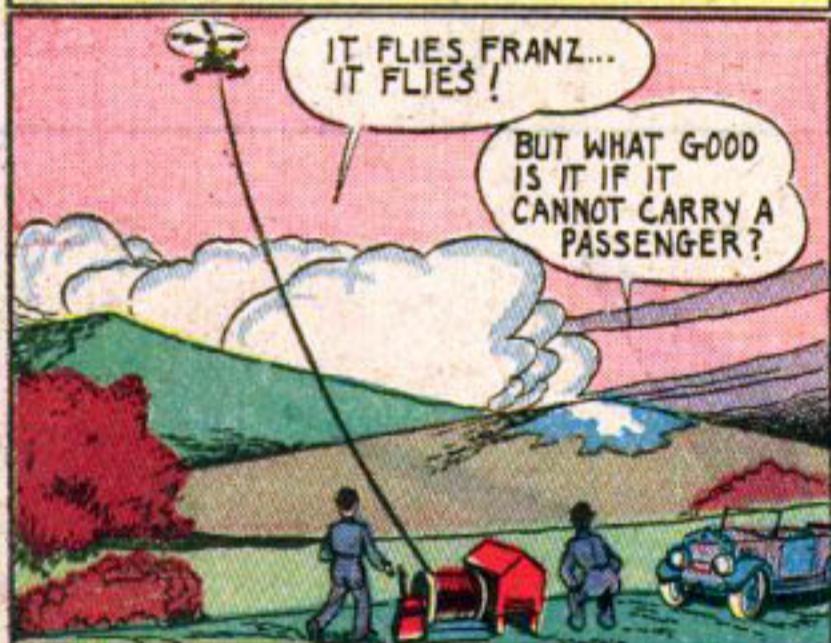


IN THAT SAME YEAR, A FRENCH MAN BUILT ONE THAT LIFTED ITSELF A FEW FEET OFF THE GROUND.



IN 1916, A THREE-ENGINED AUSTRIAN HELICOPTER MADE SEVERAL FLIGHTS WITHOUT A PILOT... IT WAS CONTROLLED BY CABLE FROM THE GROUND...

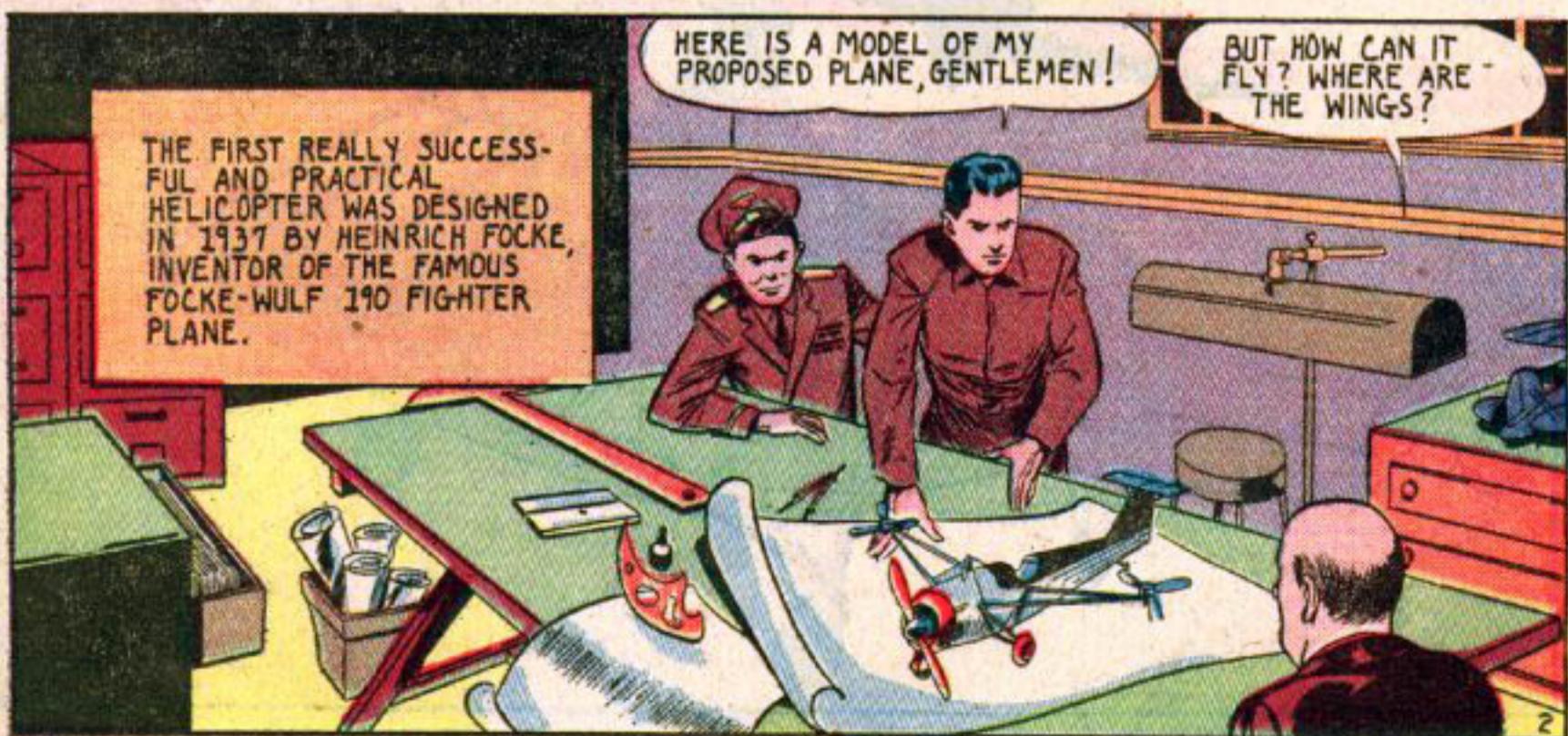
IN FRANCE AGAIN IN 1920 THIS COMPLICATED AFFAIR WAS BUILT. ONE OF THE MOST COMPLEX MACHINES EVER PUT TOGETHER.



THE FIRST REALLY SUCCESSFUL AND PRACTICAL HELICOPTER WAS DESIGNED IN 1937 BY HEINRICH FOCKE, INVENTOR OF THE FAMOUS FOCKE-WULF 190 FIGHTER PLANE.

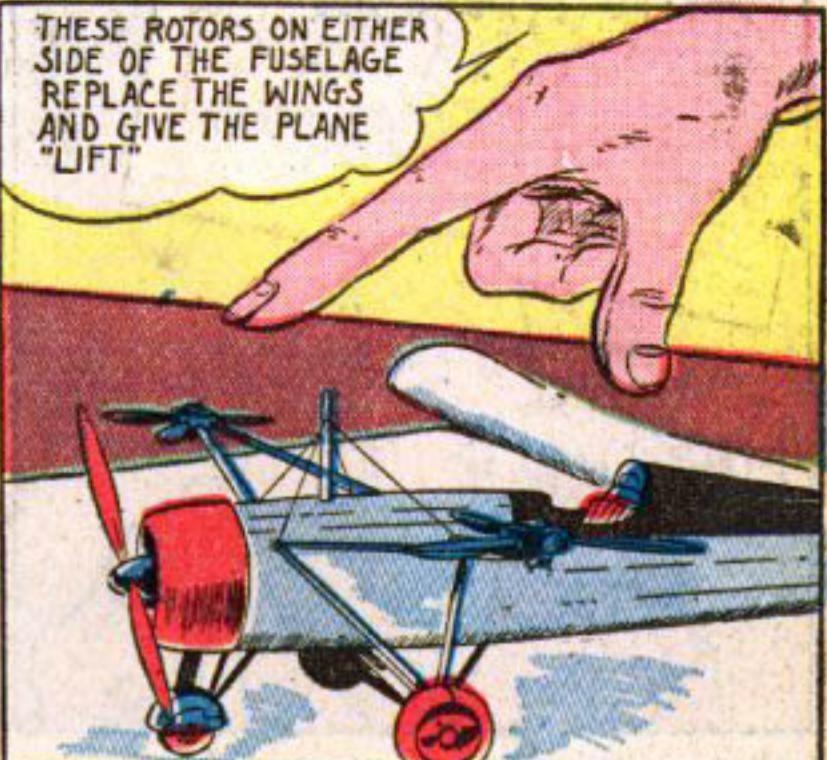
HERE IS A MODEL OF MY PROPOSED PLANE, GENTLEMEN!

BUT HOW CAN IT FLY? WHERE ARE THE WINGS?

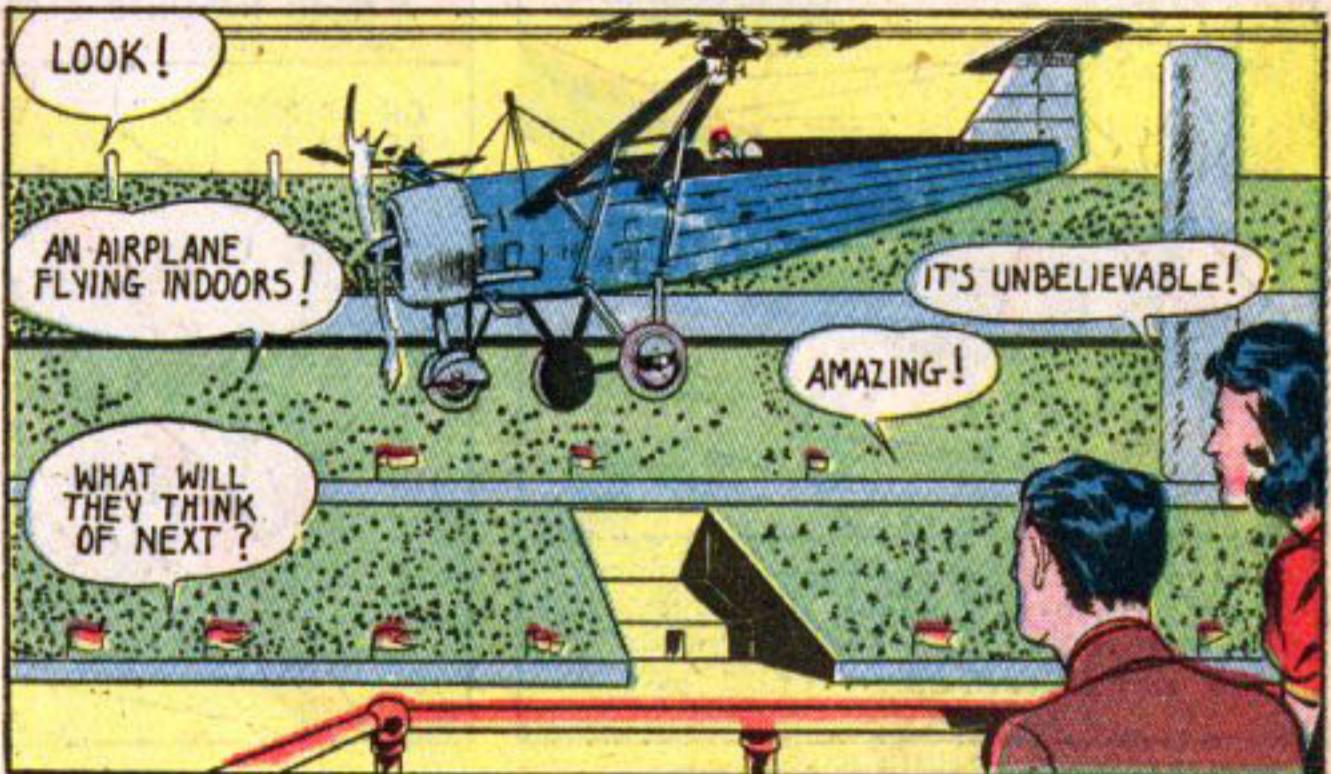


WINGS? IT DOESN'T NEED ANY WINGS... HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU.....

THESE ROTORS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE FUSELAGE REPLACE THE WINGS AND GIVE THE PLANE "LIFT"

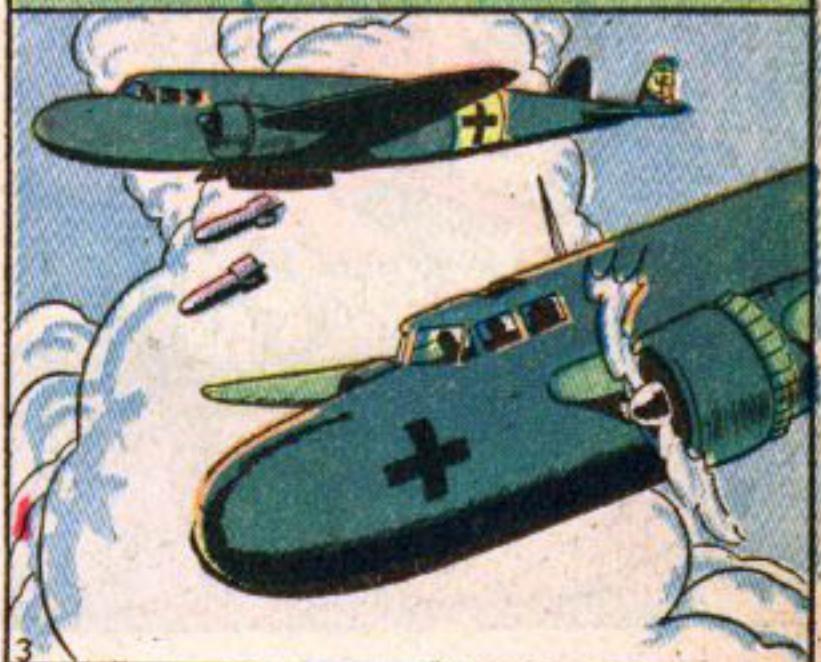
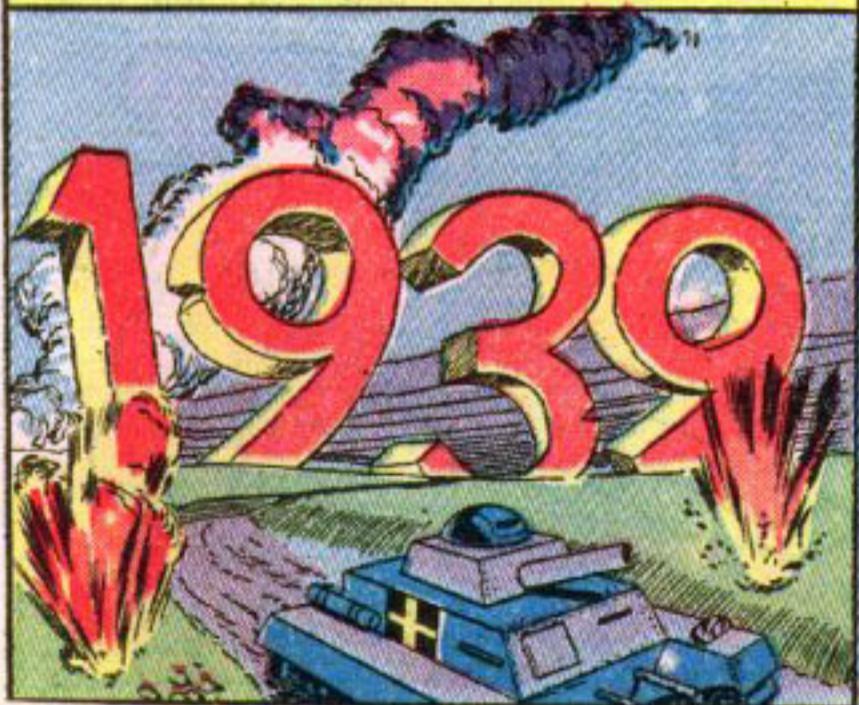


THAT SAME YEAR FOCKE BUILT A FULL SCALE MODEL OF HIS HELICOPTER WHICH WAS FLOWN INSIDE AN AUDITORIUM IN BERLIN.... IT STAYED ALOFT FOR ONE HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES, THE FIRST REALLY FLYABLE HELICOPTER IN THE WORLD.....



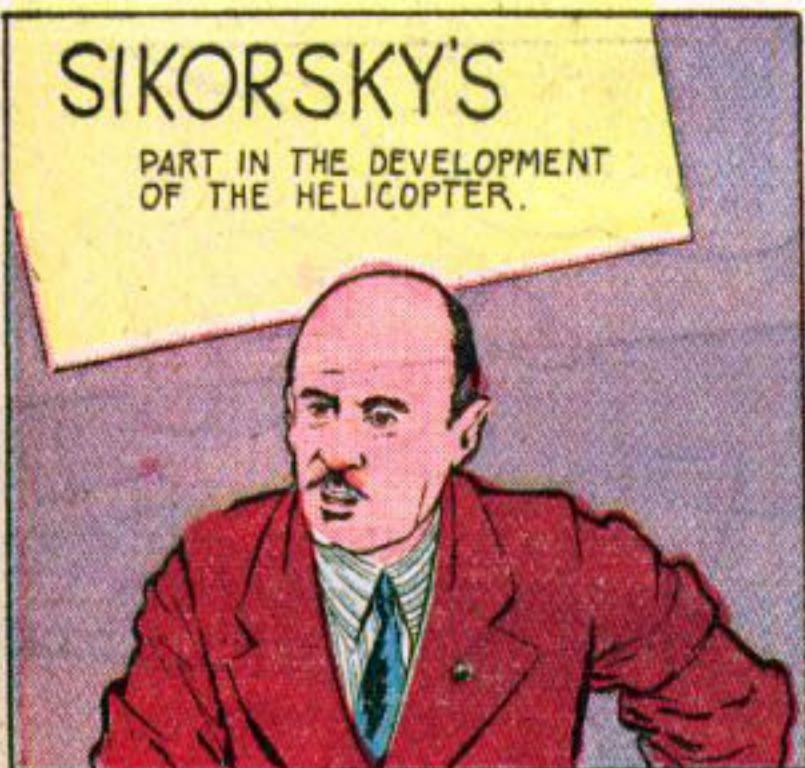
WITH THE ADVENT OF WAR THE GERMANS GAVE UP THE FOCKE HELICOPTER.....

THE NAZI SCIENTISTS WERE MORE INTERESTED IN DEVELOPING WEAPONS OF WAR AND DESTRUCTION.....



SIKORSKY'S

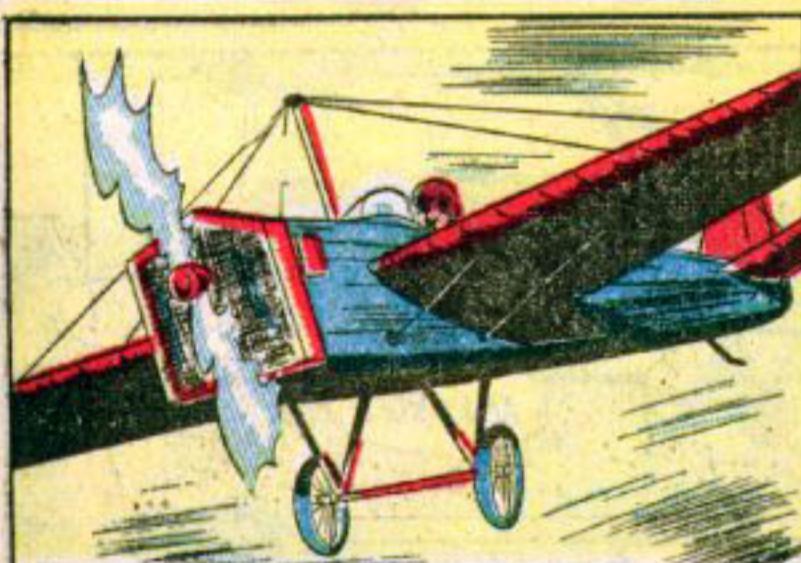
PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT
OF THE HELICOPTER.



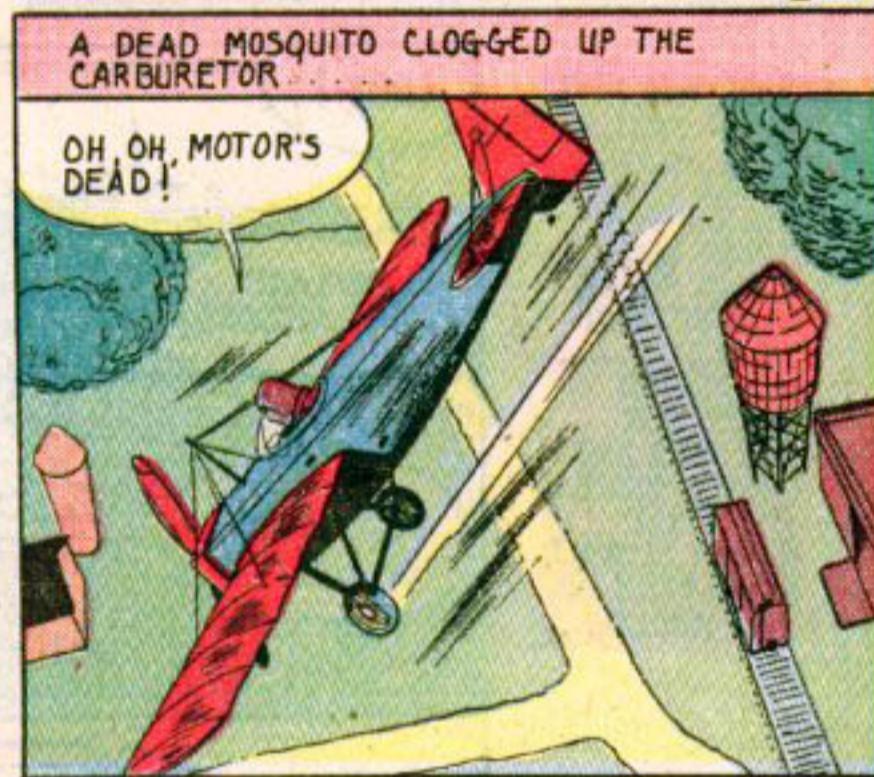
AFTER THE FAILURE OF HIS FIRST HELICOPTER, SIKORSKY TURNED TO DESIGNING CONVENTIONAL PLANES...



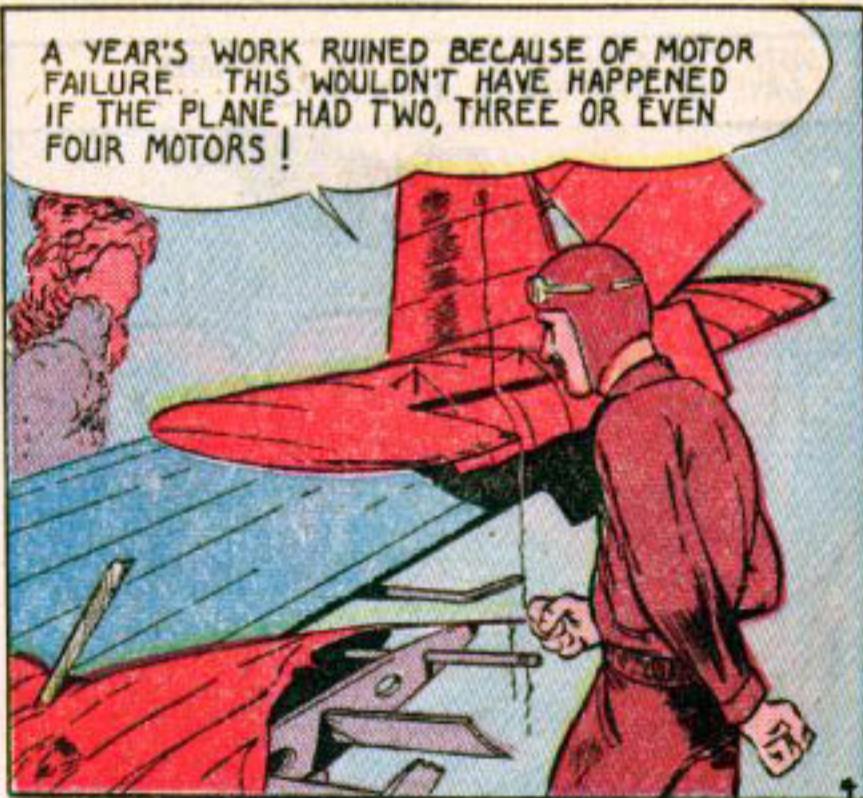
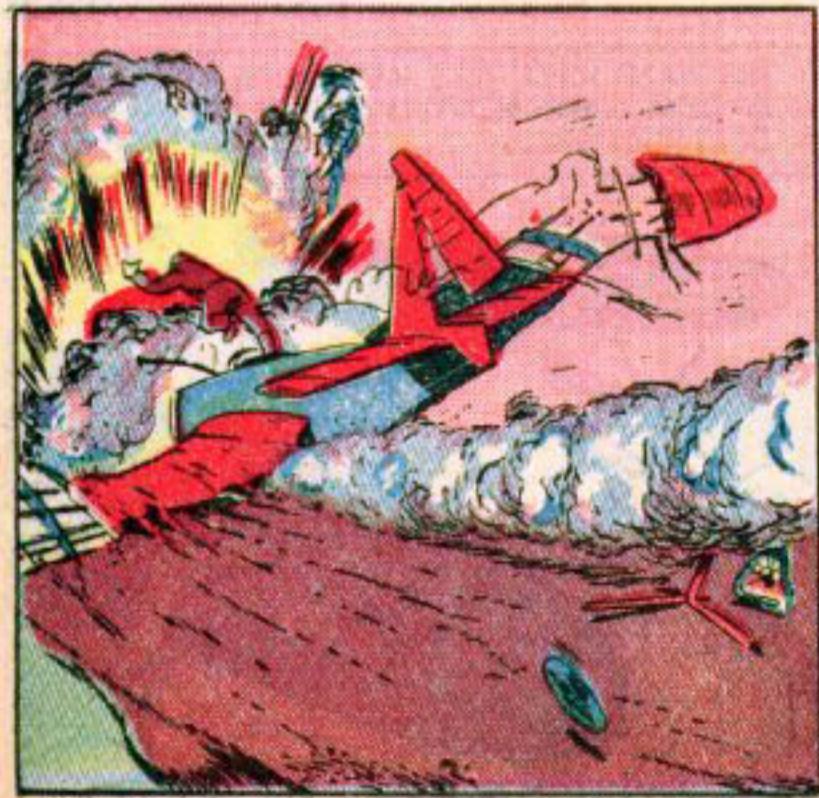
THE S-2, WHICH HE BUILT IN 1910,
WAS WRECKED ON ITS FIRST FLIGHT BY
A DOWNDRAFT OVER A RAVINE....



HIS SECOND PLANE WAS TYPICAL OF
THAT DAY; FABRIC, WIRES AND
BICYCLE WHEELS. BUT IT, TOO,
MET WITH MISFORTUNE....



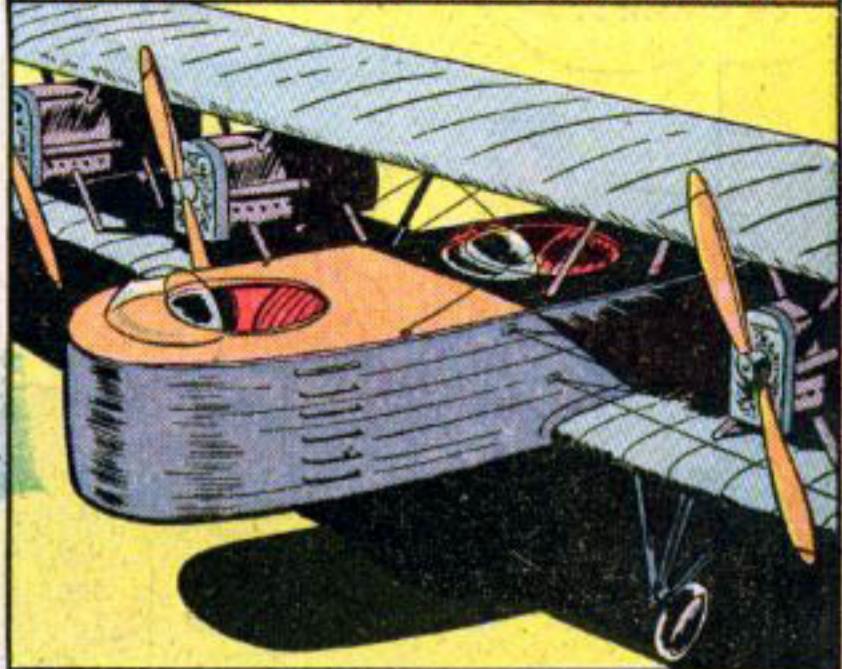
A YEAR'S WORK RUINED BECAUSE OF MOTOR
FAILURE. THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED
IF THE PLANE HAD TWO, THREE OR EVEN
FOUR MOTORS!



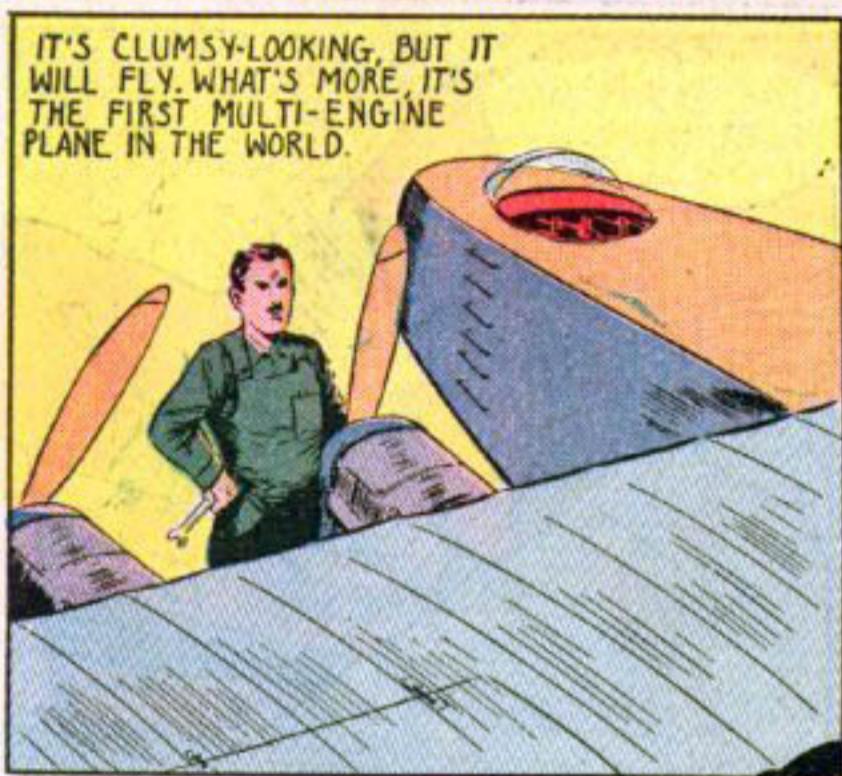
WHY CAN'T I BUILD A PLANE WITH FOUR MOTORS? JUST BECAUSE IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE DOES NOT NECESSARILY MEAN THAT IT CAN'T BE.....



MONTHS LATER, WITH THAT THOUGHT IN MIND, SIKORSKY COMPLETED HIS FOUR-MOTORED PLANE.

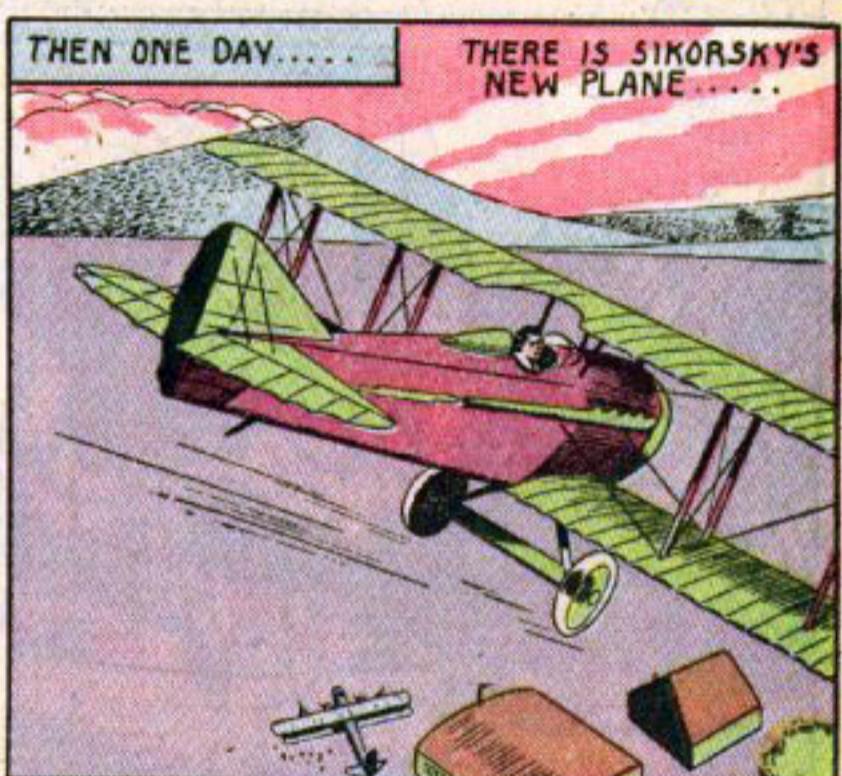


IT'S CLUMSY-LOOKING, BUT IT WILL FLY. WHAT'S MORE, IT'S THE FIRST MULTI-ENGINE PLANE IN THE WORLD.

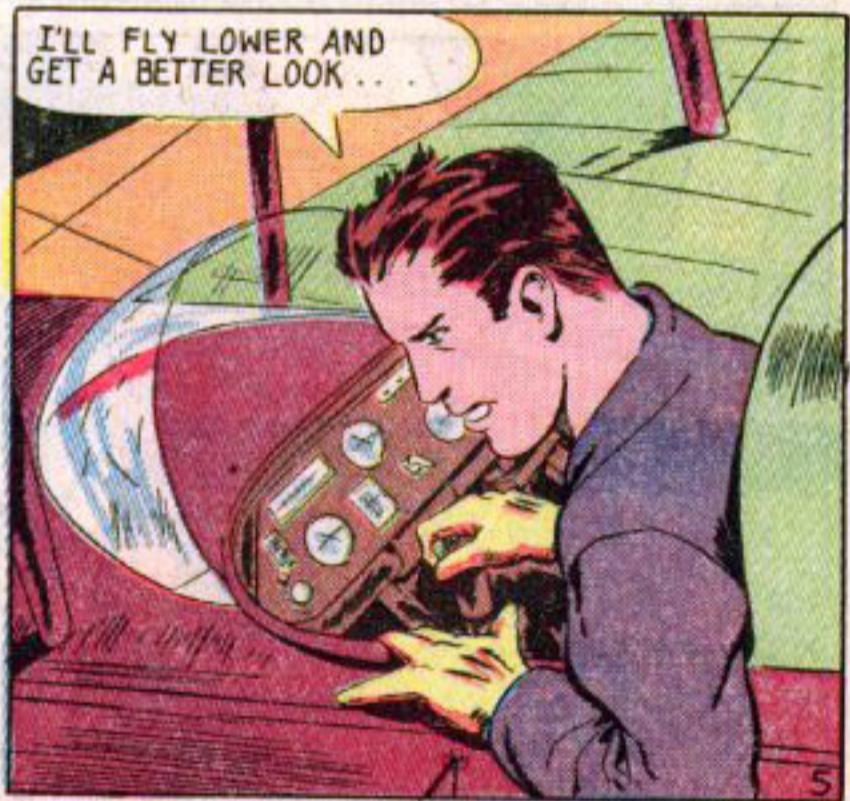


THEN ONE DAY.....

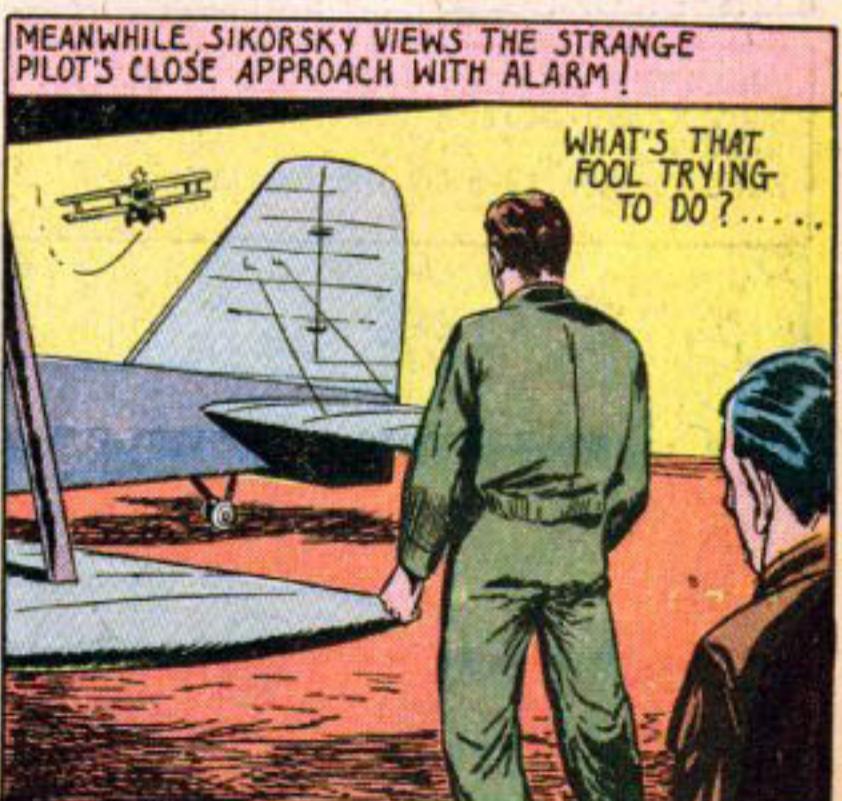
THERE IS SIKORSKY'S NEW PLANE.....



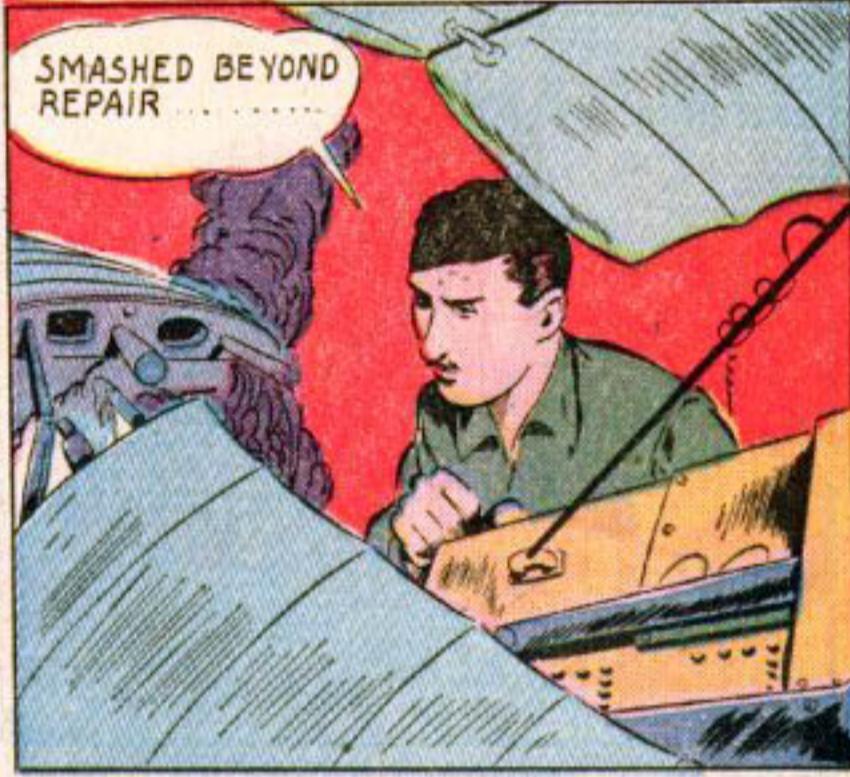
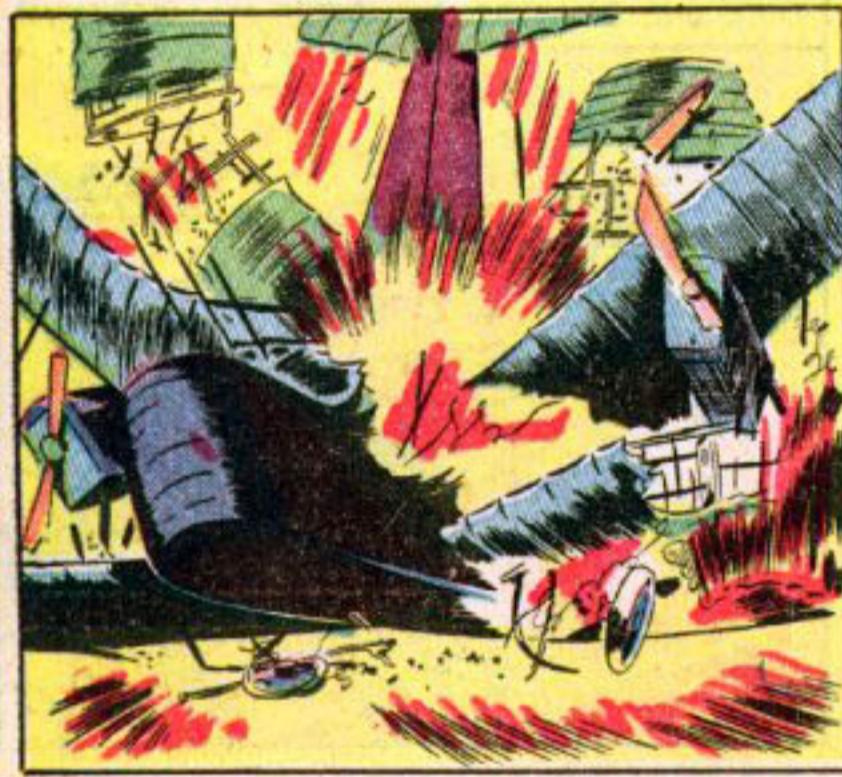
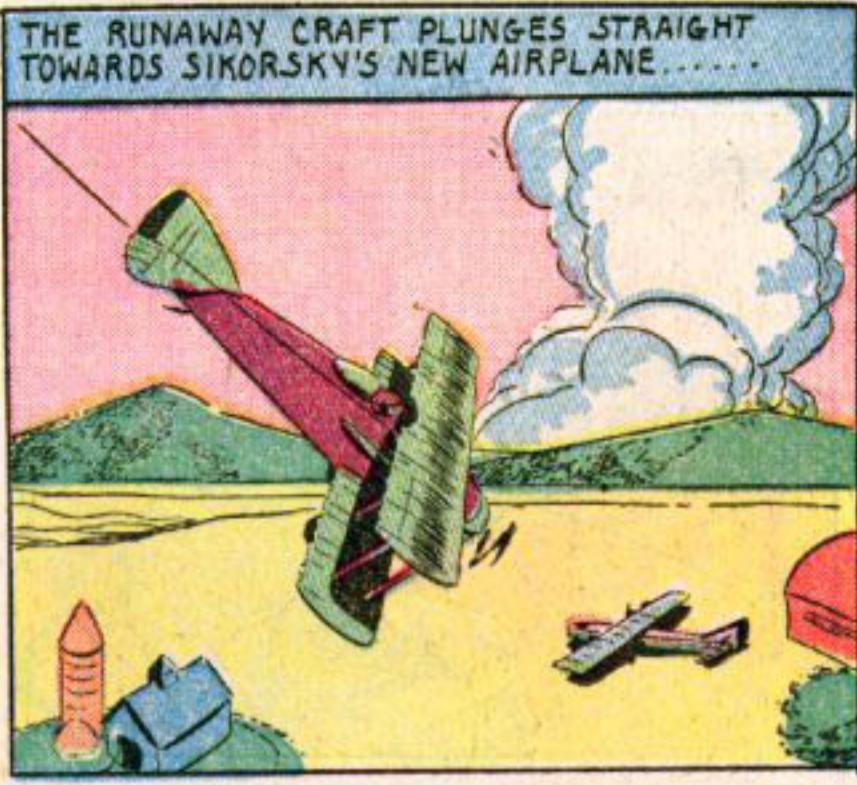
I'LL FLY LOWER AND GET A BETTER LOOK...



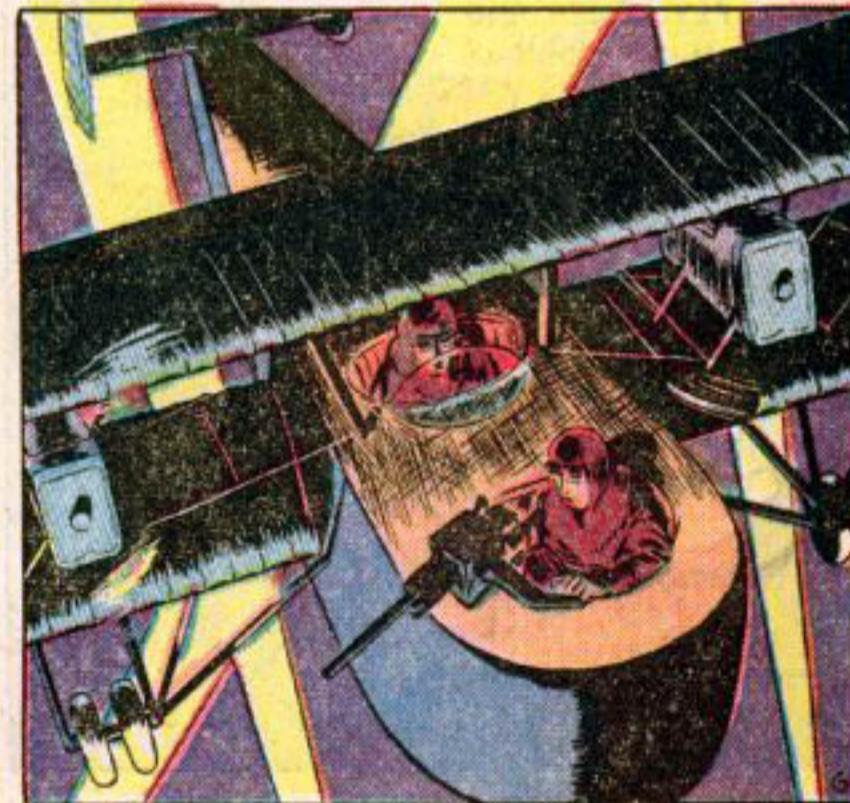
MEANWHILE, SIKORSKY VIEWS THE STRANGE PILOT'S CLOSE APPROACH WITH ALARM!



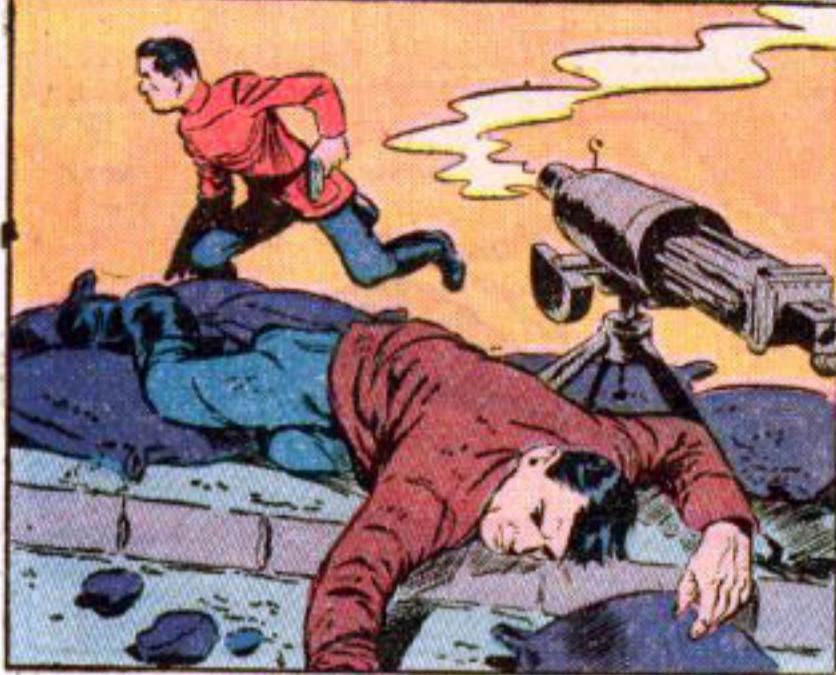
WHAT'S THAT FOOL TRYING TO DO?....



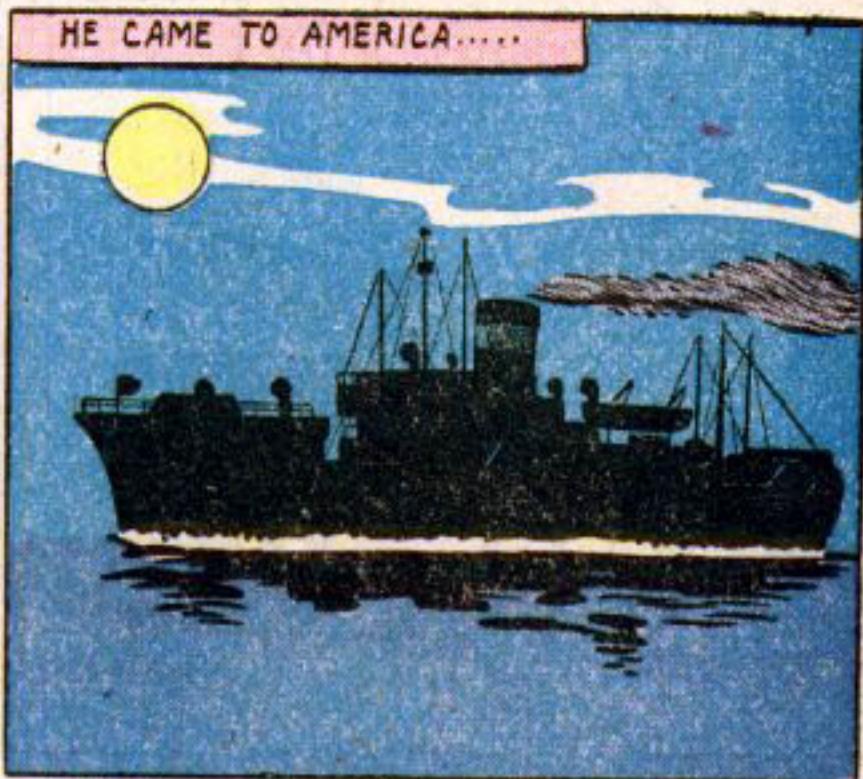
UNDAUNTED, SIKORSKY PROCEEDED TO BUILD BIGGER AND BETTER PLANES. IN WORLD WAR I, SIKORSKY BOMBERS WERE COMMONPLACE ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT



THE BLOODY REVOLUTION OF 1914 FORCED SIKORSKY TO LEAVE RUSSIA....

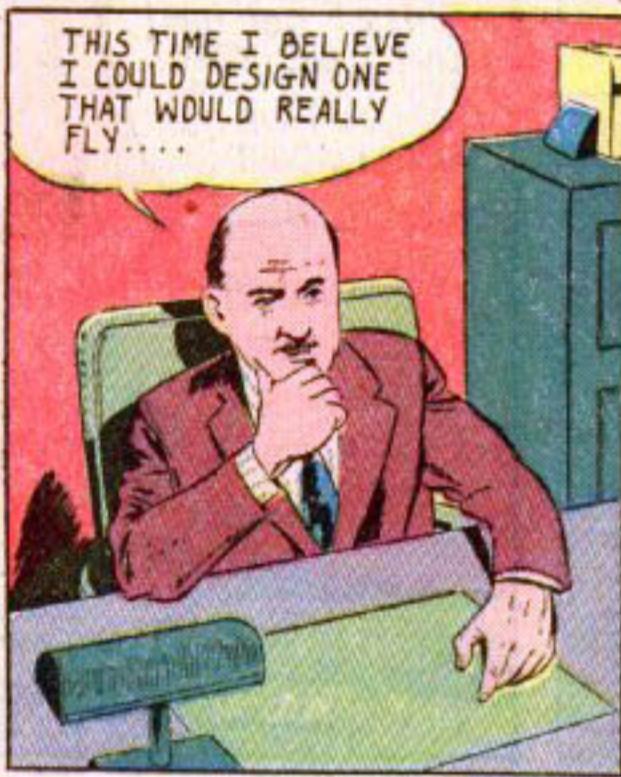


HE CAME TO AMERICA.....

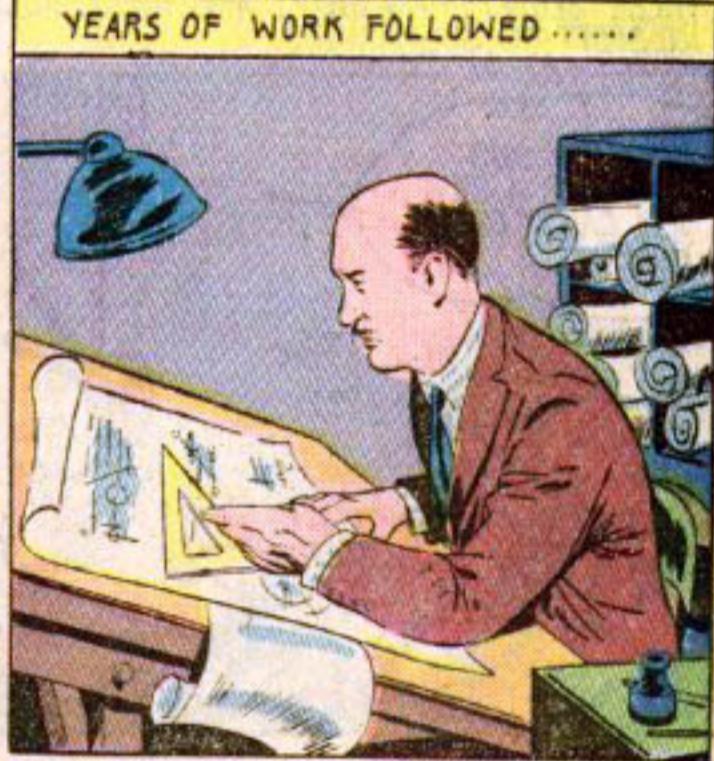


IN THE UNITED STATES, SIKORSKY SOON ESTABLISHED HIMSELF AS A TOP-FLIGHT AIRCRAFT ENGINEER. IN 1924, HIS THOUGHTS AGAIN TURNED TO THE HELICOPTER.

THIS TIME I BELIEVE I COULD DESIGN ONE THAT WOULD REALLY FLY....



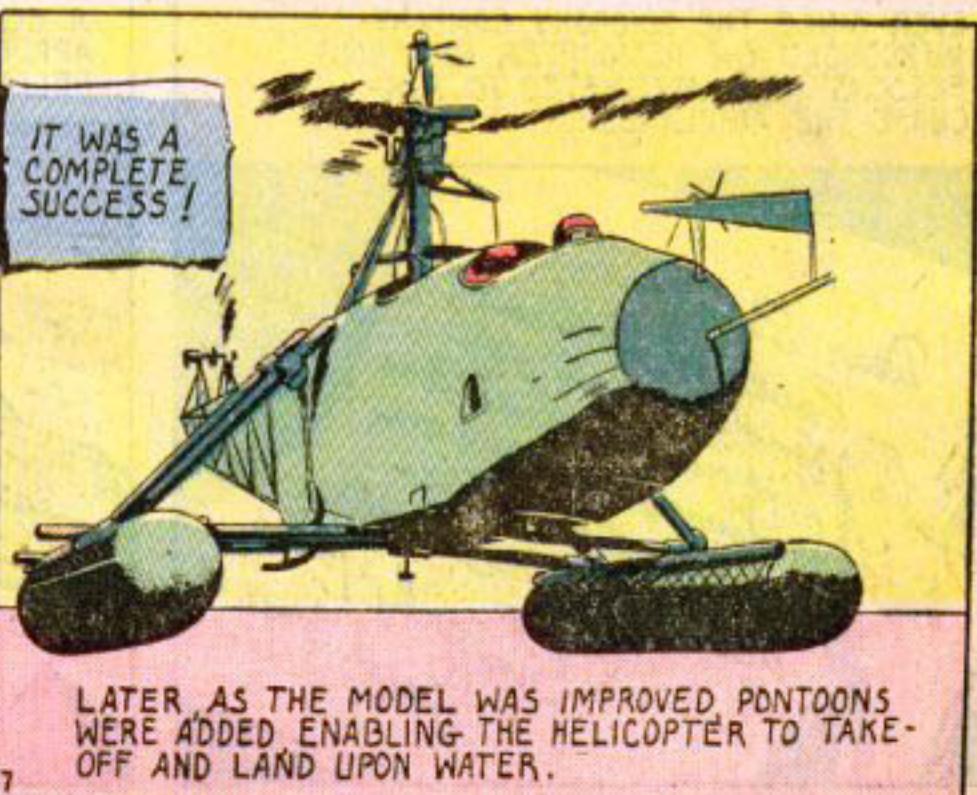
YEARS OF WORK FOLLOWED.....



AT LENGTH THE HELICOPTER THE US-300, AS IT WAS CALLED, WAS FINISHED.....

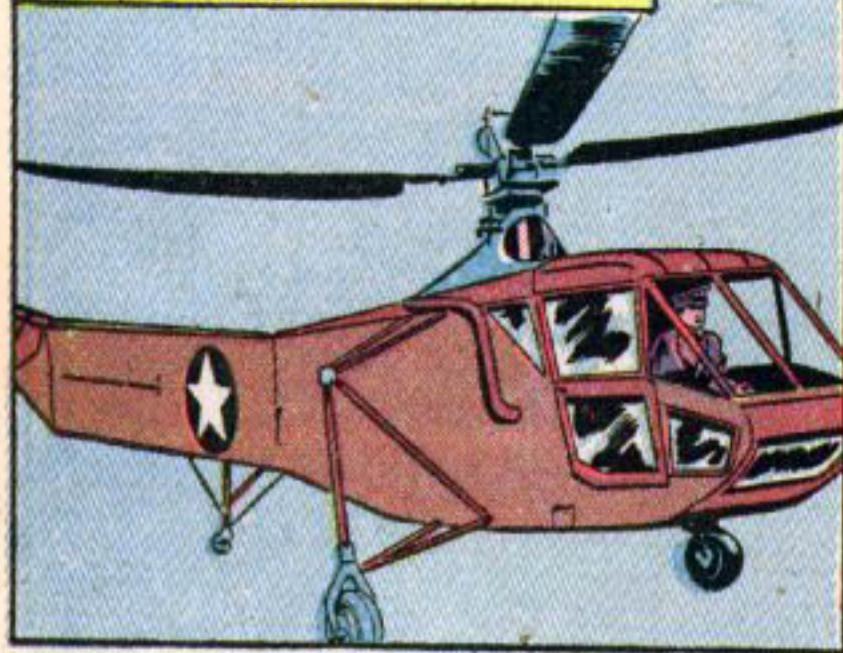


IT WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS!

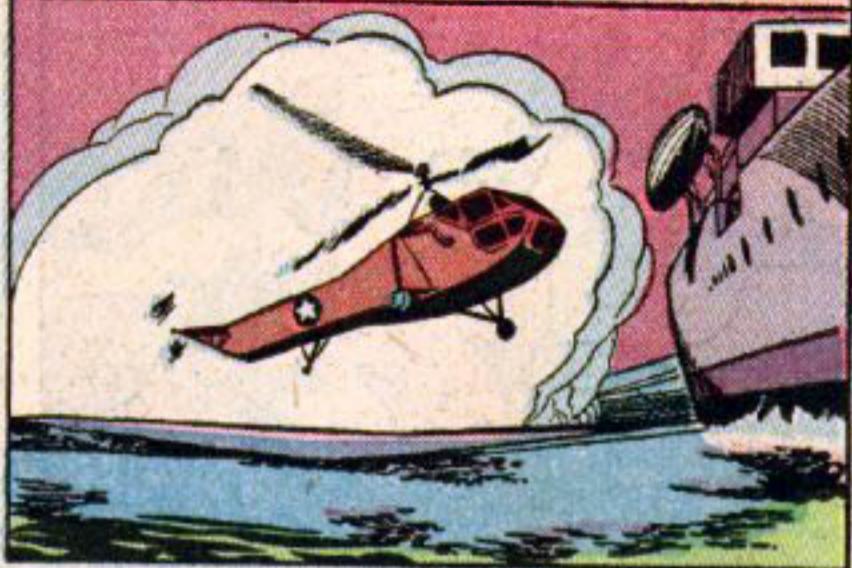


LATER AS THE MODEL WAS IMPROVED PONTOONS WERE ADDED ENABLING THE HELICOPTER TO TAKE-OFF AND LAND UPON WATER.

IN 1942, THE YR-4, AN IMPROVED VERSION OF SIKORSKY'S FIRST TWO HELICOPTERS, WAS BUILT.



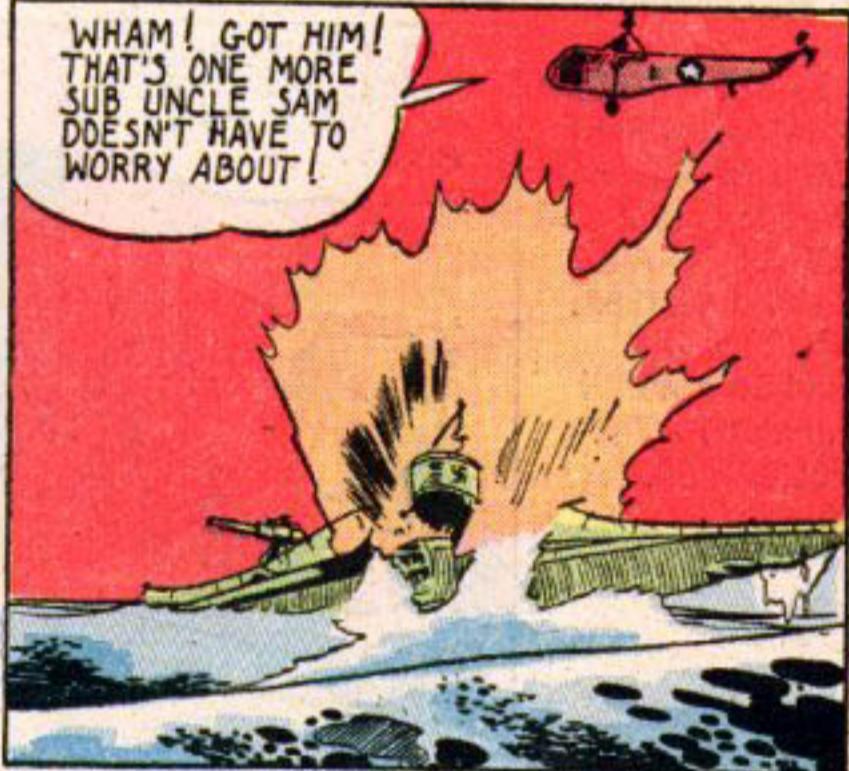
QUITE A NUMBER OF YR-4'S ARE USED BY THE ARMY IN THE ATLANTIC PATROL... THEIR LOW LANDING SPEED MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO LAND ON THE DECKS OF LIBERTY FREIGHTERS...



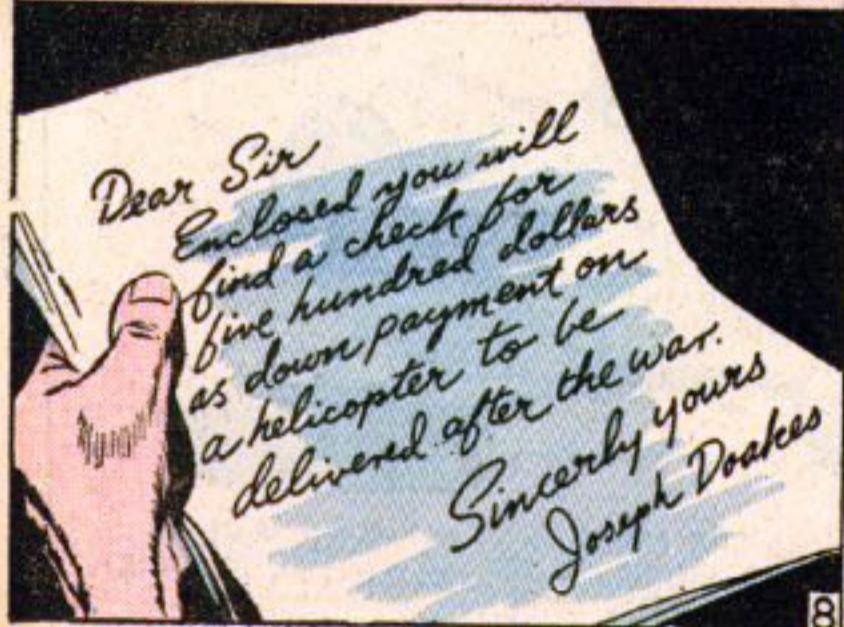
THESE SLOW FLYING CRAFT ARE INVALUABLE IN SPOTTING SUBMARINES.



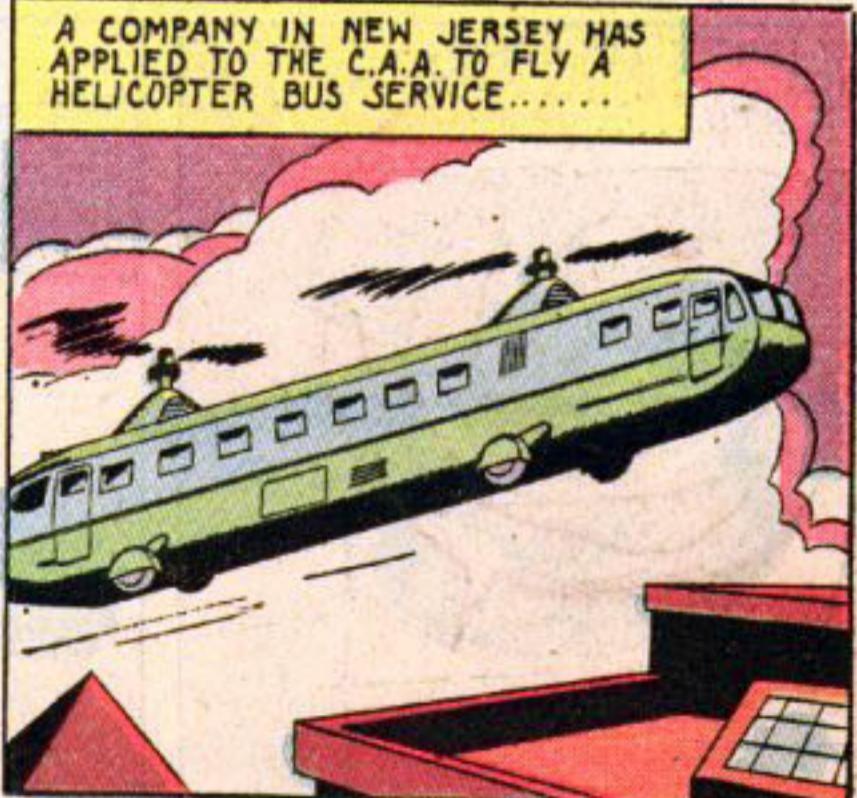
WHAM! GOT HIM!
THAT'S ONE MORE
SUB UNCLE SAM
DOESN'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT!



EVER SINCE THE SIKORSKY COMPANY INTRODUCED THE HELICOPTER NUMEROUS PERSONS HAVE ATTEMPTED TO PURCHASE THE AIRPLANES.



A COMPANY IN NEW JERSEY HAS APPLIED TO THE C.A.A. TO FLY A HELICOPTER BUS SERVICE.....

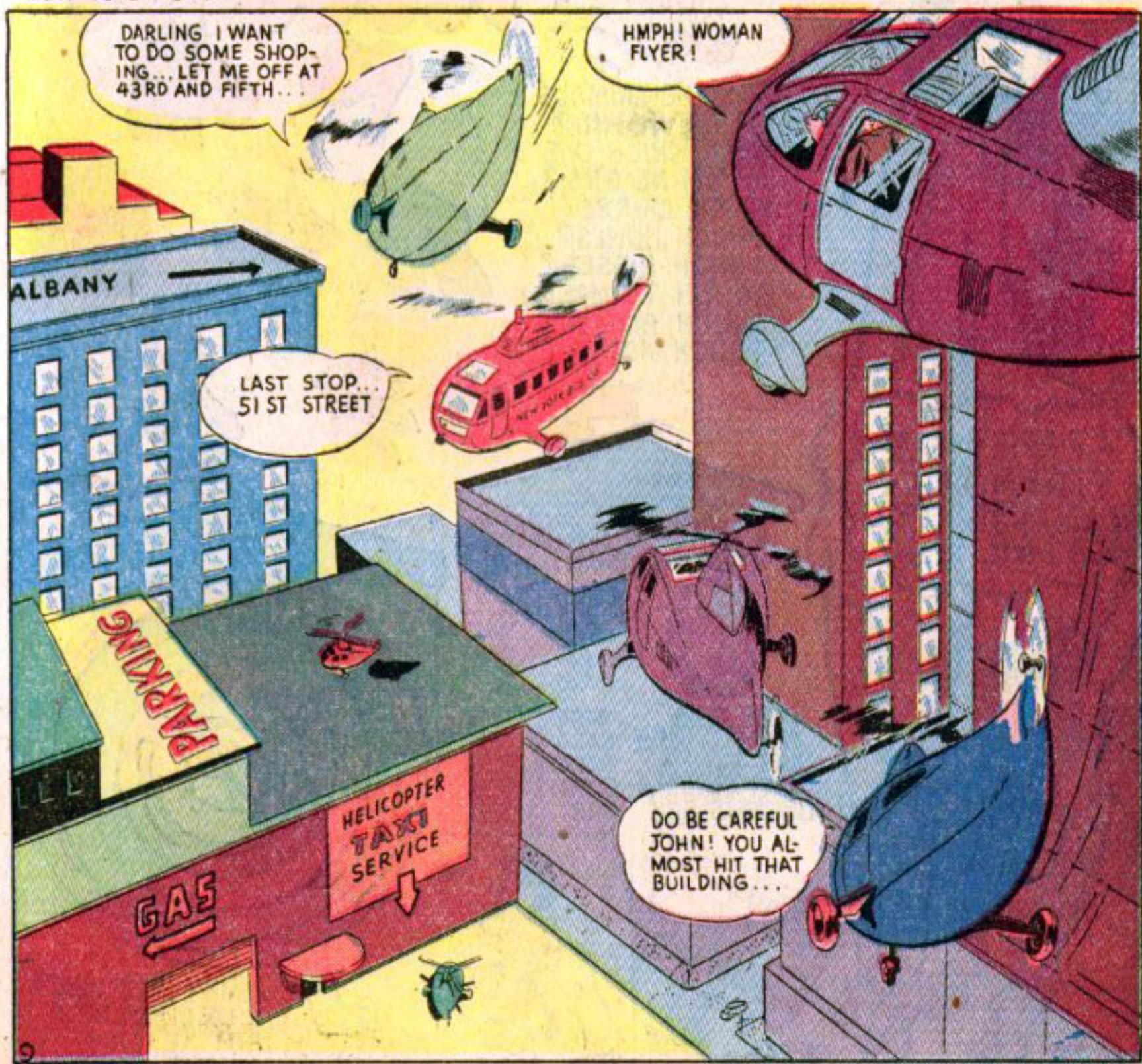
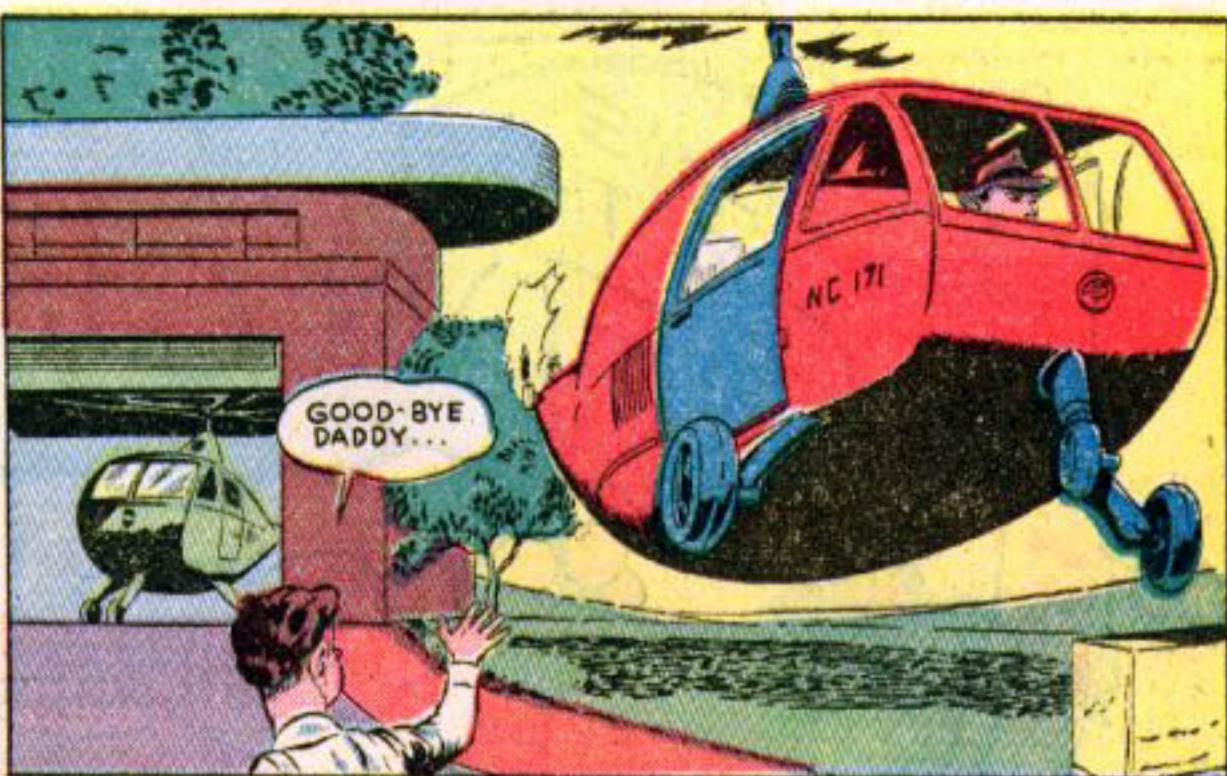


THE FUTURE OF THE HELICOPTER

IN 8 OR 10 YEARS AFTER THE WAR THE HELICOPTER IS EXPECTED TO BE DEVELOPED TO THE DEGREE SHOWN ON THIS PAGE...

FLYING FROM THE HOME TO THE OFFICE WILL BE COMMONPLACE...

EXPERTS EXPECT THE HELICOPTER TO EVENTUALLY REPLACE THE AUTOMOBILE IN EVERYDAY LIFE. BY THE TIME YOUR WAR BONDS MATURE, HELICOPTERS MAY BE ON SALE !



by MEL LAZARUS

COME TO THE FUN CIRCUS



SEE THE ANIMALS
ON THE RIGHT?
WELL WHICH ONE
OF 'EM NEIGHS?
WHICH CHIRPS?
WHICH HOWLS?
WHICH HISSES?
WHICH TRUMPETS?
WHICH BRAYS?
WHICH ROARS?

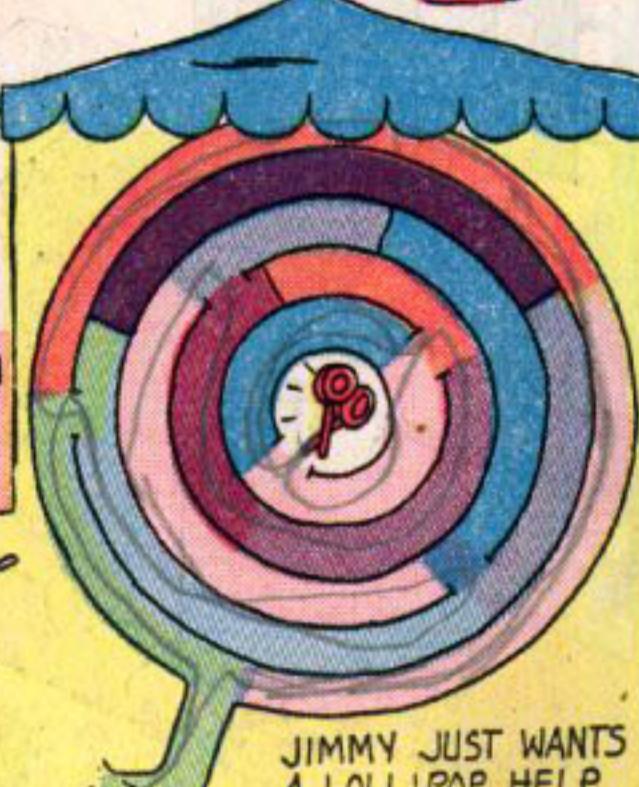


TWO-FACERS (TURN 'EM UPSIDE DOWN)



JOE LOOKS
PLEASED. WHY?
JUST TAKE A
LOOK AT HIS
BRIDE-TO-BE!

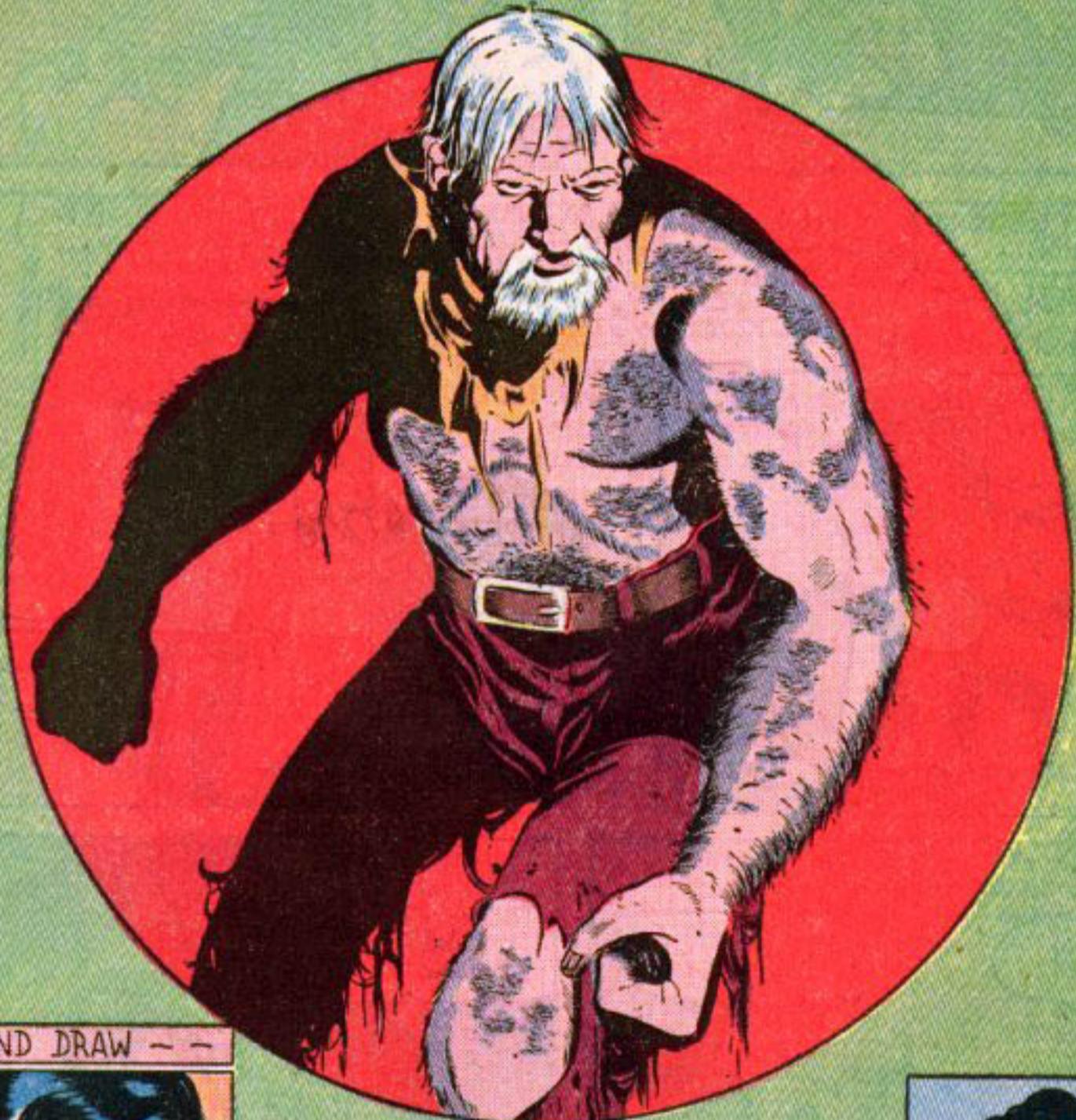
ARCHIE JUST
ESCAPED FROM
PRISON. TURN
OVER & SEE
THE JAILER!



JIMMY JUST WANTS
A LOLLIPOP. HELP
HIM REACH IT
IN THE CENTRE!

Introducing IN THE CASE OF THE **FISH SCALE MAN**

DURRAND **DRAW**



DURRAND DRAW ---



DID YOU EVER SEE A FISH SCALE MAN ?
WELL THAT'S WHAT DURRAND DRAW IS
UP AGAINST--- A FISH SCALE MAN ---
A MISSING AIR RAID WARDEN --- AND
THE ONLY CLUE IS A BOTTLE OF FINGER-
NAIL POLISH AND HUMAN FISH SCALES .
READ HOW DURRAND DRAW, TRACER OF
MISSING PERSONS, SOLVES THE STRANGE
CASE OF THE FISH SCALE MAN !



AS A BLACKOUT ENDS... TWO WARDENS
PREPARE TO LEAVE THEIR POSTS.....

EILEEN WARDER HAS
DISAPPEARED! ... AND
LOOK AT THIS!

IT'S HER FINGER-NAIL
POLISH... WHAT DO
YOU THINK HAPPENED?



HOLY SMOKES! WHAT'S THAT?
IT LOOKS --- IT IS FISH SCALES!
WHA -- WHAT
DOES THIS
MEAN?



LATER, THE TWO WARDENS
VISIT 'A CHEMIST'....

THESE ARE SCALES... FROM
A HUMAN BODY .. I CAN TELL
BY THE BLOOD ON THEM.
SOMEONE IS
SUFFERING
FROM
ICHTHYOSIS

WHAT'LL WE DO ?

CALL IN DURRAND
DRAW -- HE
TRACES PEOPLE.

AND SO, DURRAND
DRAW -- TRACER OF
MISSING PERSONS,
IS CALLED IN ON
THE CASE LATE
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT,
DURRAND VISITS THE
WARDER MANSION.



DURRAND LEAPS AT A DARK FIGURE CREEPING
THROUGH THE SHRUBBERY.....

HA! GOT YOU
NOW---

WHA --- NO
YOU DON'T !



HE GOT AWAY!
SAY! WHAT'S
THIS --- FISH SCALES!
THAT WAS THE PERSON
I'M LOOKING FOR!



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT DURRAND DRAW'S OFFICE...

DID YOU HAVE ANY LUCK, MR. DRAW?

I NEARLY CAUGHT THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR, BUT WHO IS HE IS THE QUESTION THAT IS BOthering ME!

I HAVEN'T ANY CLUE AS TO EILEEN'S WHERE-ABOUTS BUT TONIGHT MY ASSISTANT, BETH AND MYSELF ARE GOING BACK TO THE WARDER HOUSE AND DO SOME SNOOPING.



AND SO THAT NIGHT, DURRAND AND HIS ASSISTANT, BETH, AGAIN VISIT THE WARDER MANSION.

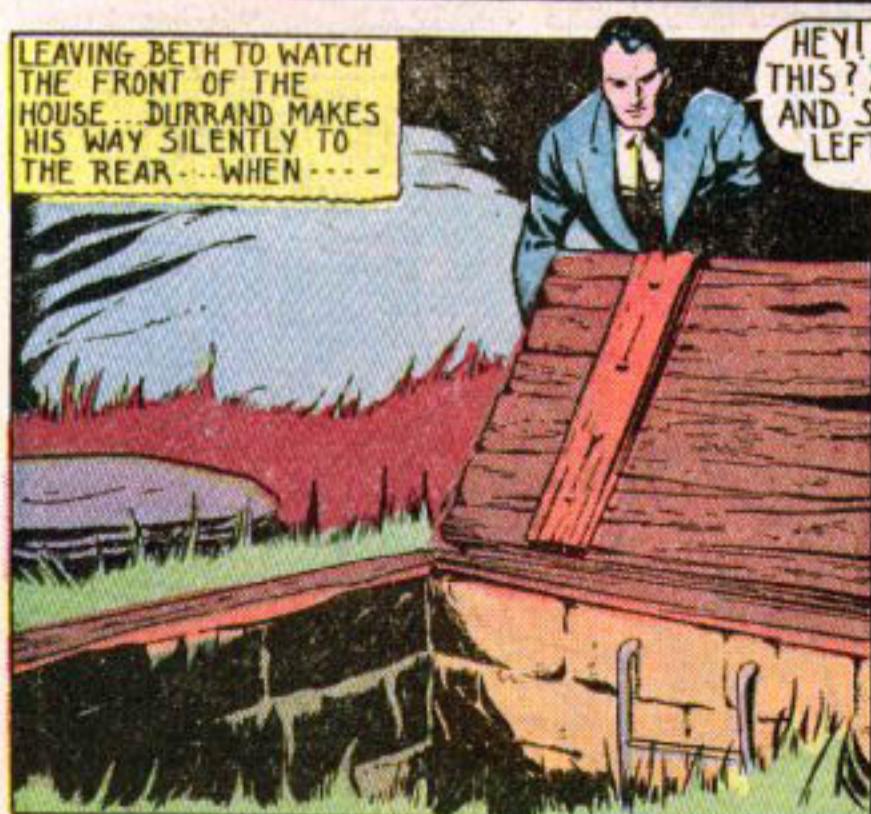


LOOK! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW! I THOUGHT NO ONE WAS HOME!

WHOEVER IS IN THERE IS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.... YOU STAY HERE, I'M GOING 'AROUND THE BACK.

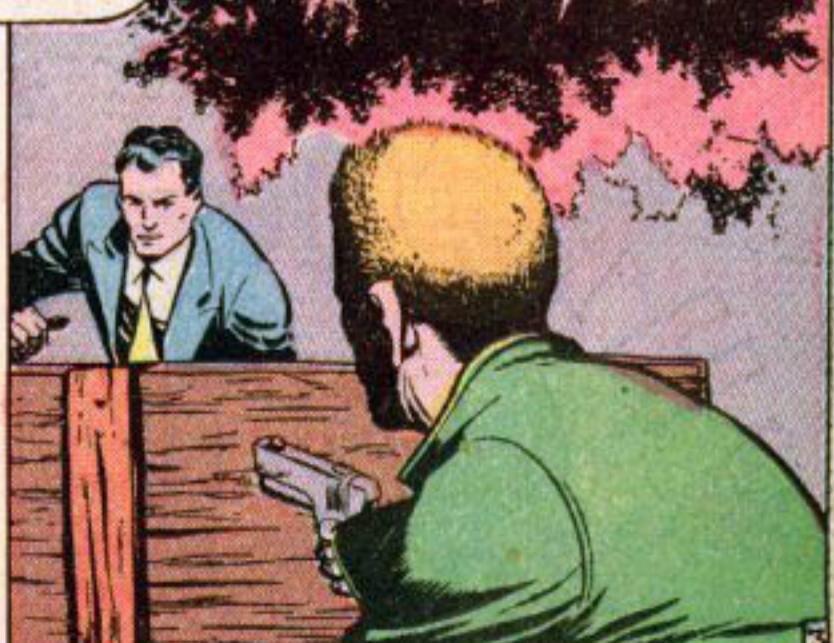


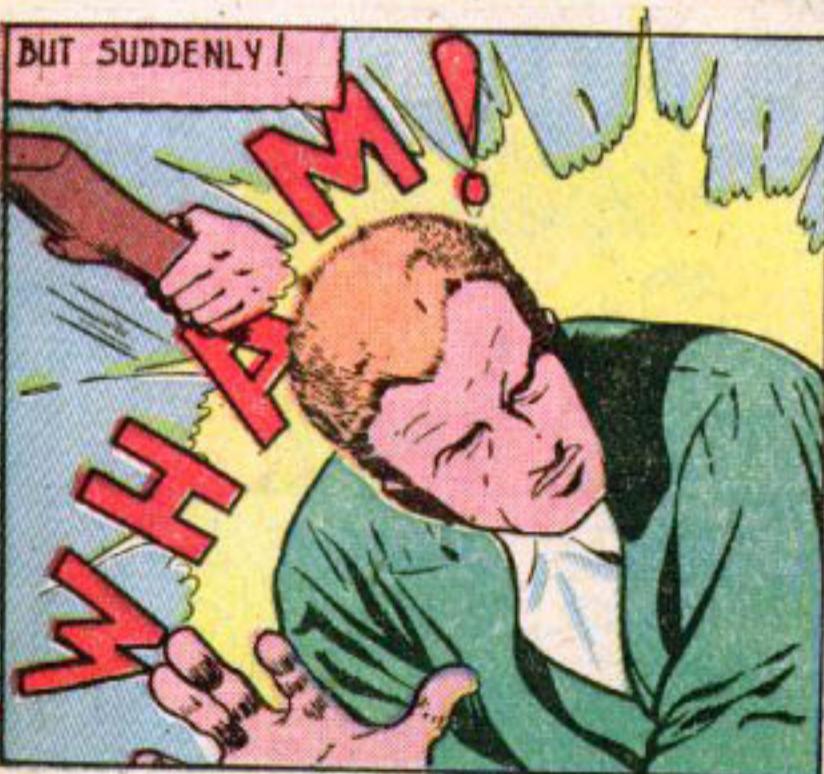
LEAVING BETH TO WATCH THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE... DURRAND MAKES HIS WAY SILENTLY TO THE REAR... WHEN...



HEY! WHAT'S THIS? A TUNNEL AND SOMEONE LEFT IT OPEN!

O.K. SNOOPER! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!





A FEW MINUTES LATER... AFTER MAKING SURE THE THUG IS WELL-BOUND AND GAGGED.

WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS TUNNEL IS USED FOR?

HARD TO SAY... IT PROBABLY LEADS TO A WINE CELLAR OR....



DURRAND --- LOOK!

HOLY SMOKES .. THAT MUST BE EILEEN!

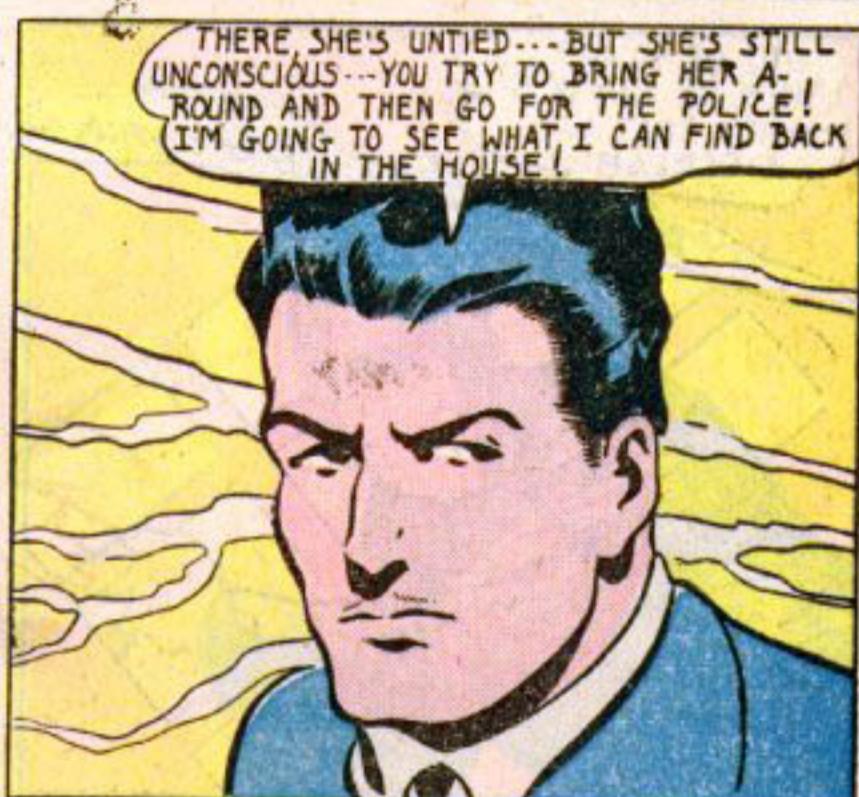


SHE'S TIED UP,
POOR GIRL SO THIS
IS WHERE THEY'VE
BEEN KEEPING
HER!

THIS CASE IS BECOMING
MORE COMPLICATED EVERY
MINUTE!

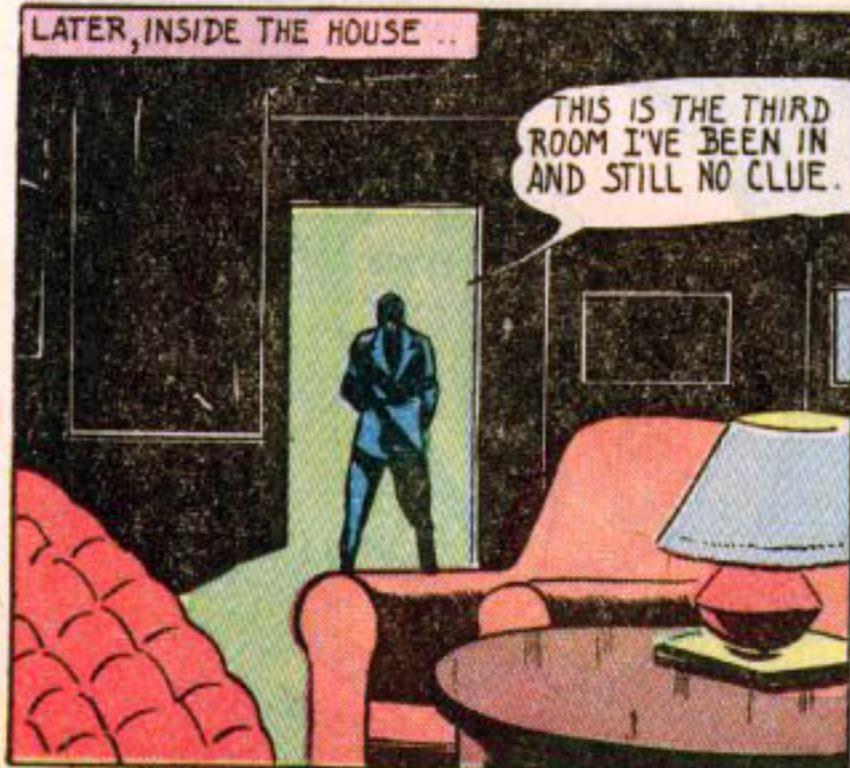


THERE SHE'S UNTIED---BUT SHE'S STILL
UNCONSCIOUS---YOU TRY TO BRING HER A-
ROUND AND THEN GO FOR THE POLICE!
I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND BACK
IN THE HOUSE!



LATER, INSIDE THE HOUSE ..

THIS IS THE THIRD
ROOM I'VE BEEN IN
AND STILL NO CLUE.



MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU...
ARE YOU LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE?

WHA..! OH -- YES,
I'M LOOKING FOR
MR. WARDER.. AND
WHO ARE YOU?



I AM THE GARDENER!
WE'VE HAD SO MUCH
TROUBLE HERE THAT I'VE
TAKEN OVER THE BUTLERS
DUTIES!
IS THERE SOMEONE
YOU WISH TO
SEE?

YES! I'D LIKE TO
SEE MR. WARDER!
IS HE HERE?

NO, I'M SORRY! MR
WARDER HAS BEEN OUT
OF TOWN, FOR THE PAST
WEEK!

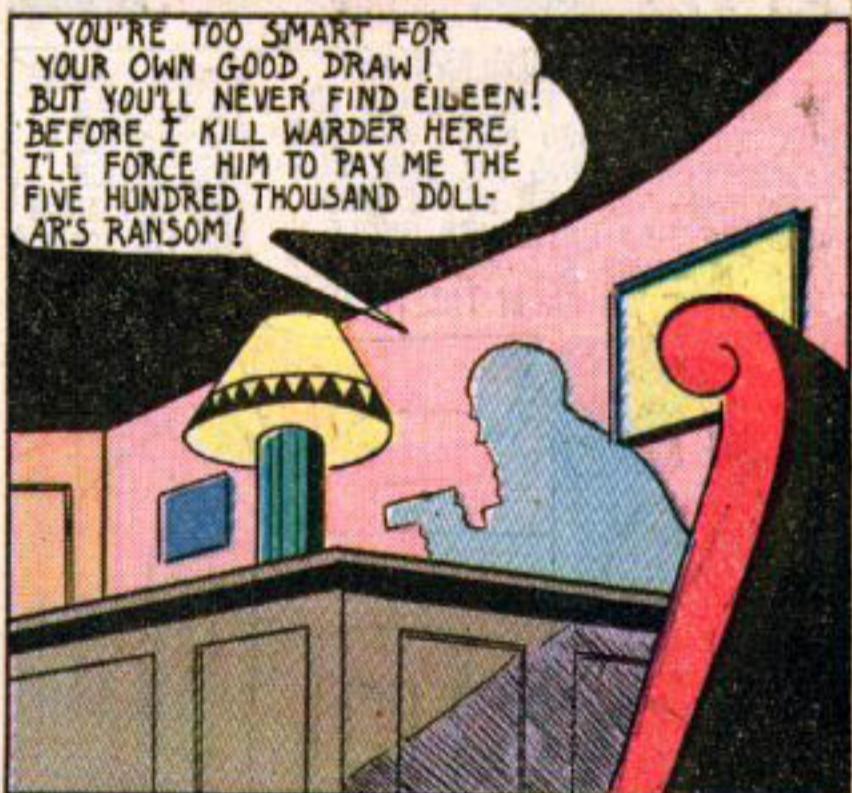
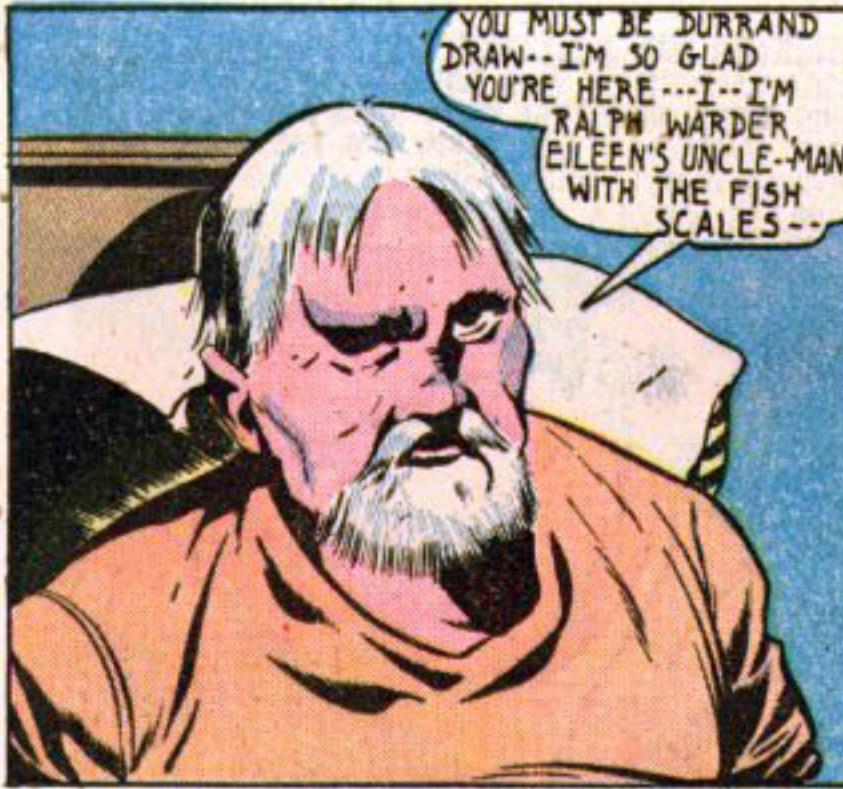
OUT OF TOWN?
THEN HE DOESN'T...
...HEY, THAT WAS
A SCREAM

AAAGGGGGGG...AAG

IT CAME FROM
UP HERE!

THIS IS THE ROOM!
I'LL SEE IF I CAN
FIND A LIGHT

WHY.....
YOU!



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS . . .

BUT WHAT ABOUT
THIS FISH SCALE
MAN--IT WAS WARDER,
WASN'T IT--WHERE
DOES HE FIT INTO
THE PICTURE?

IT'S SIMPLE,
CHIEF --- I'LL
EXPLAIN.

WARDER HAD A DISEASE CALLED ICHTHYSOSIS,
SCALES FORM ON YOUR BODY---WELL WARDER AND
HIS NIECE WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW THIS
BUT SOMEHOW THE BUTLER AND THE GARDENER
FOUND IT OUT. THEY THREATENED TO EXPOSE HIM
UNLESS WARDER PAID THEM TO KEEP QUIET.



... WELL WARDER WOULDN'T PAY.
SO THE BUTLER THREATENED TO
KILL EILEEN. THEY MADE WARDER
KIDNAP HER DURING THE BLACKOUT--
THEN THEY PUT HER IN THE OLD
WINE CELLAR UNTIL HER UNCLE
PAID THEM THE 500,000 DOLLARS!
AND... WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST!

DRAW! YOU'RE
A CLEVER
DETECTIVE!
HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE A JOB
ON THE FORCE?

NO, THANKS CHIEF. I JUST GOT AN AIR-
MAIL LETTER FROM MR. MULFORD.
HE HAS ANOTHER CASE FOR ME TO
SOLVE . . . COME ALONG, BETH!
WE'RE GOING TO SEE WHO'S MISSING
THIS TIME!



NEXT MONTH

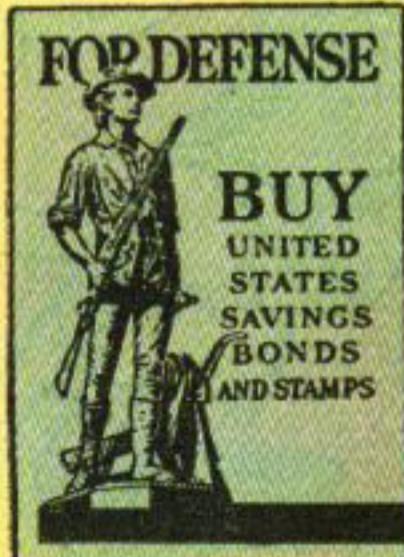
DURR AND DRAW

SOLVES ANOTHER STRANGE CASE!!

DON'T MISS IT!

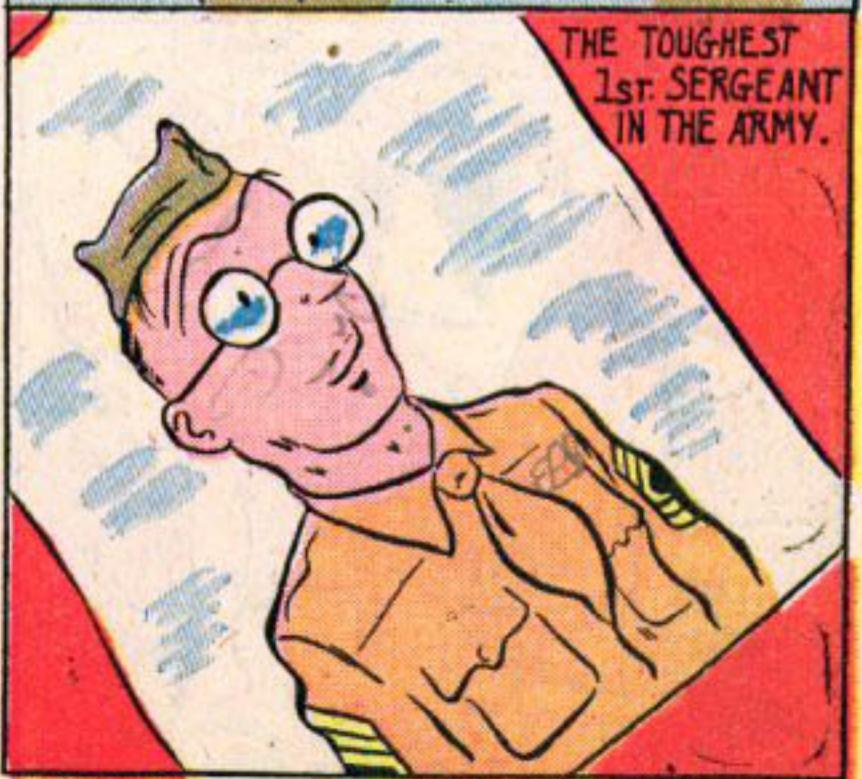
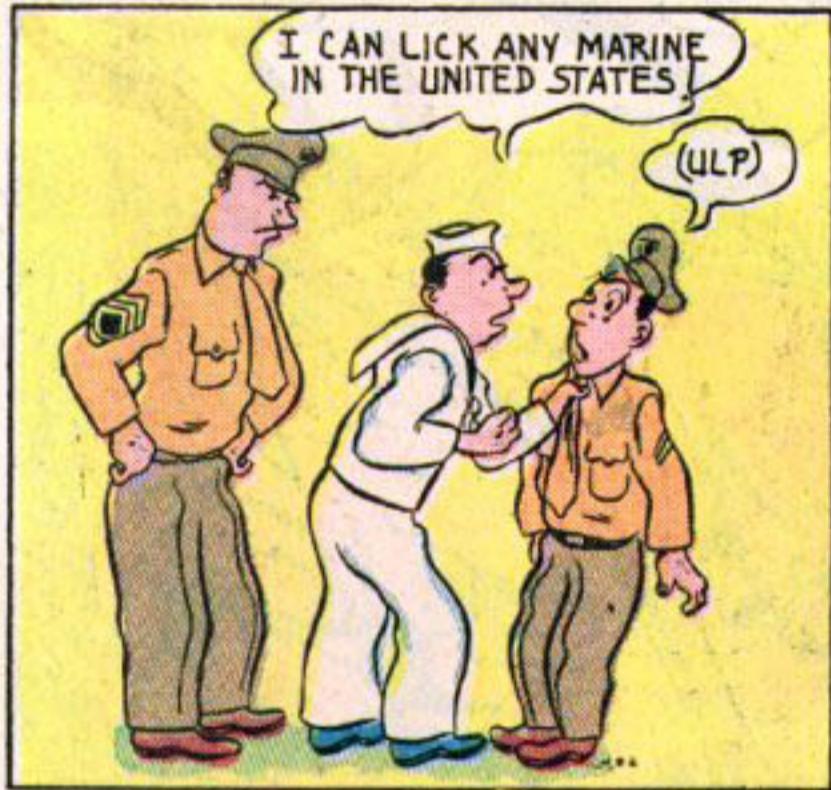
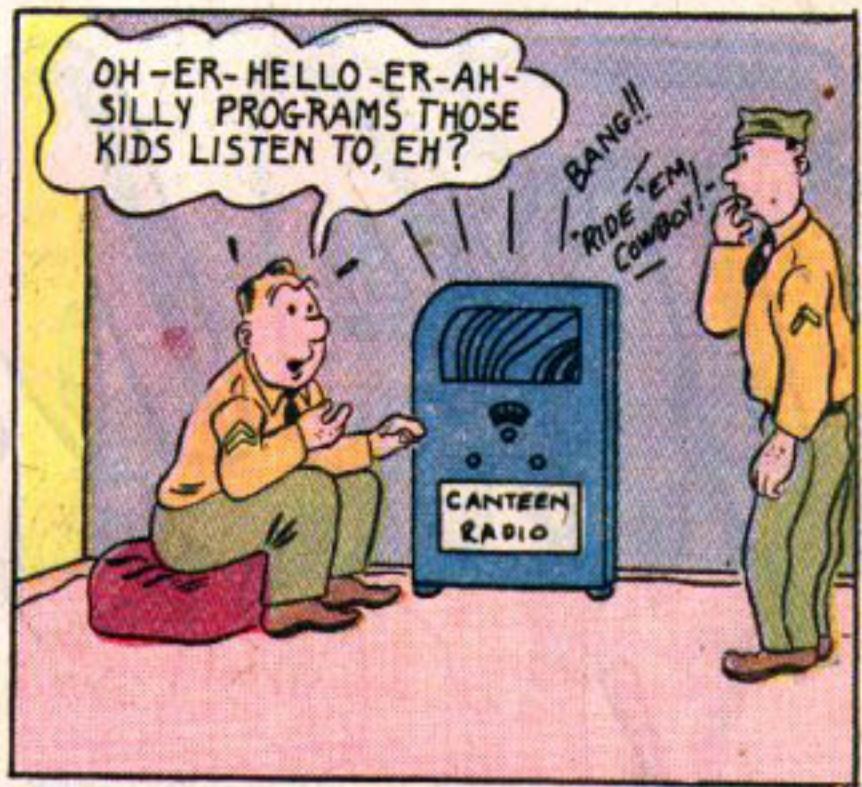
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF

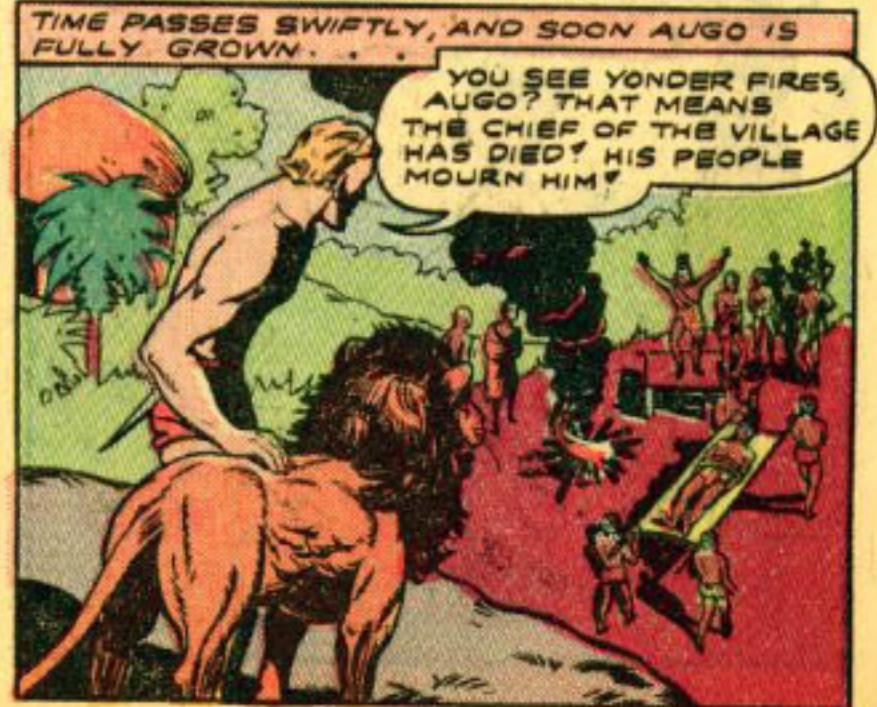
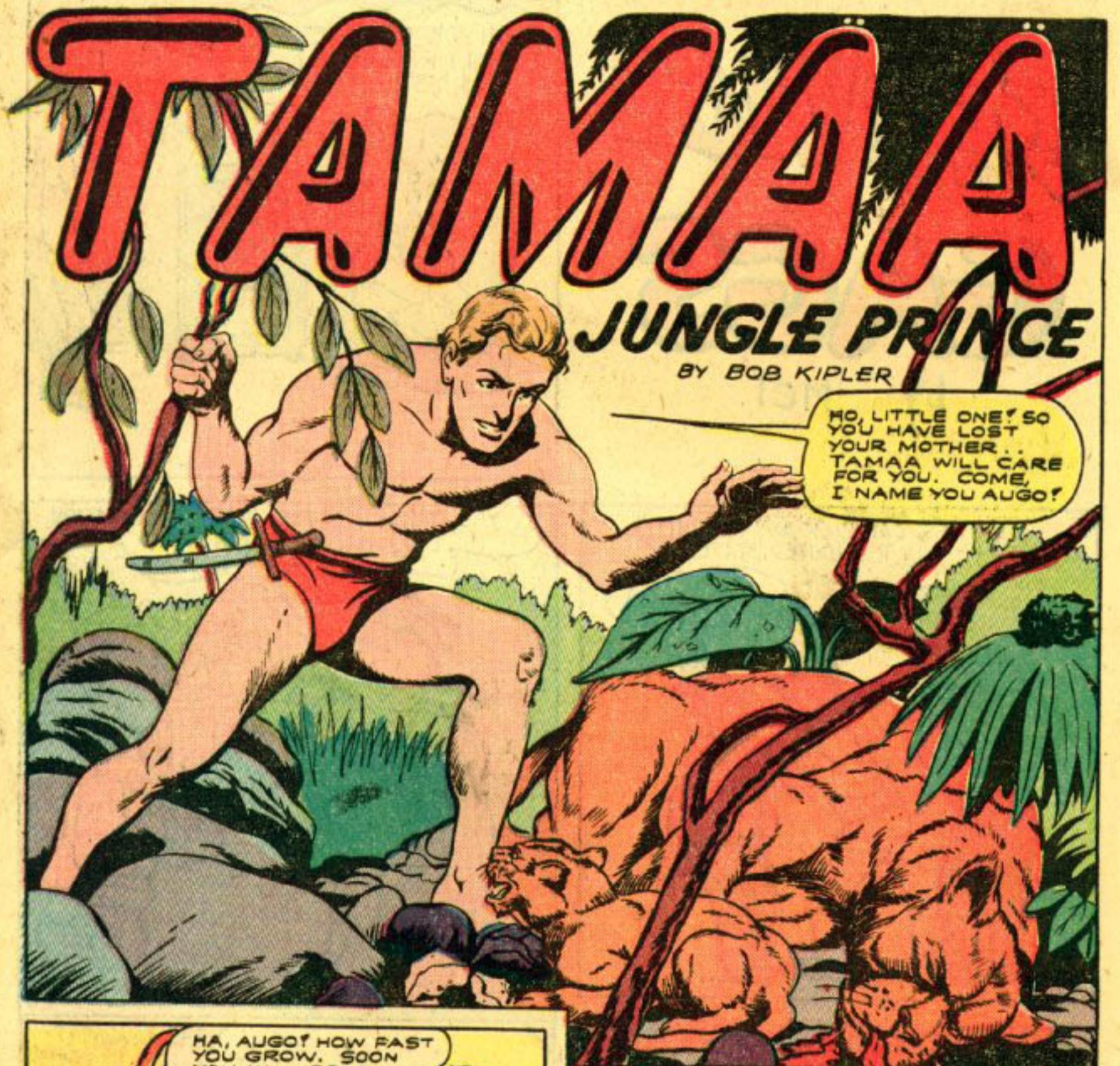
BLUE BEETLE
COMICS



SERVICE GAGS

by Mel.





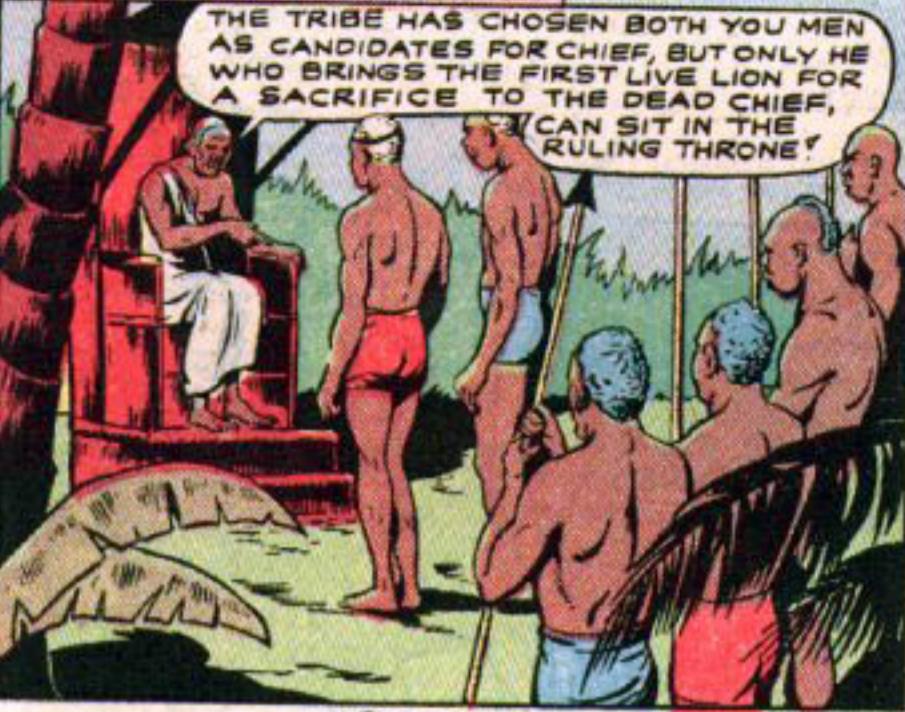
THE VILLAGERS STAND BEFORE THE WISE MAN OF THEIR TRIBE, FOR THE SELECTION OF A NEW CHIEF IS ALREADY UNDER WAY . . .

THE TRIBE HAS CHOSEN BOTH YOU MEN AS CANDIDATES FOR CHIEF, BUT ONLY HE WHO BRINGS THE FIRST LIVE LION FOR A SACRIFICE TO THE DEAD CHIEF, CAN SIT IN THE RULING THRONE!

SOON . . .

WE SHALL PART AT THE PASS AND TRY OUR LUCK SEPARATELY?

AS YOU WISH, FRIEND?



MEANWHILE . . .

STAY IN THE FOREST, AUGO! I'M GOING TO THE VILLAGE!



TAMÄÄ IS NOT LONG GONE, WHEN KOOЛА'S PARTY DISCOVERS AUGO . . .



HAT YOU HAVE CAPTURED THE MIGHTY ONE, KOOЛА? YOU SHALL BE OUR NEXT CHIEF!



THERE! HIS DEATH-DEALING PAWS WILL BE OF NO USE TO HIM ANYMORE!



HIS ROAR FILLS THE WHOLE JUNGLE!

AS THE HUNTING PARTY RETURNS TO THE VILLAGE, NIGHT SHADES ARE FALLING . . .

WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR DAYBREAK TO SHOW OUR PRIZE!



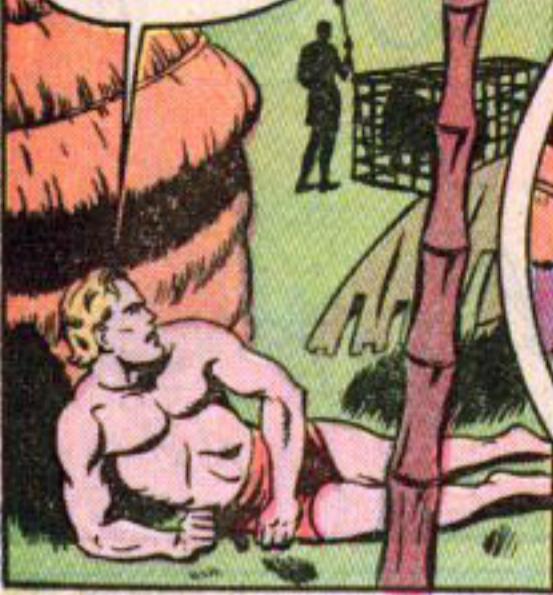
BUT AUGO'S CRIES AWAKEN A FAMILIAR FIGURE . . .

WHAT'S THIS??
THEY HAVE
CAPTURED
AUGO! I MUST
RELEASE
HIM!

AND . . .

I DO NOT WISH
TO HARM YOU, GUARD,
BUT AUGO IS MY FRIEND!

COME, AUGO! WE
WILL RETURN
TO THE FOREST
WHERE WE
BOTH BELONG!



THE NEXT MORNING AS KOOLA AND HIS SUPPORTERS GO FOR THEIR CATCH . . .

HE IS GONE? MY RIVAL HAS RELEASED HIM!

LOOK!
THE GUARD!

HOLD, KOOLA, IT WAS NOT YOUR RIVAL BUT TAMÄÄ WHO RELEASED YOUR LION!

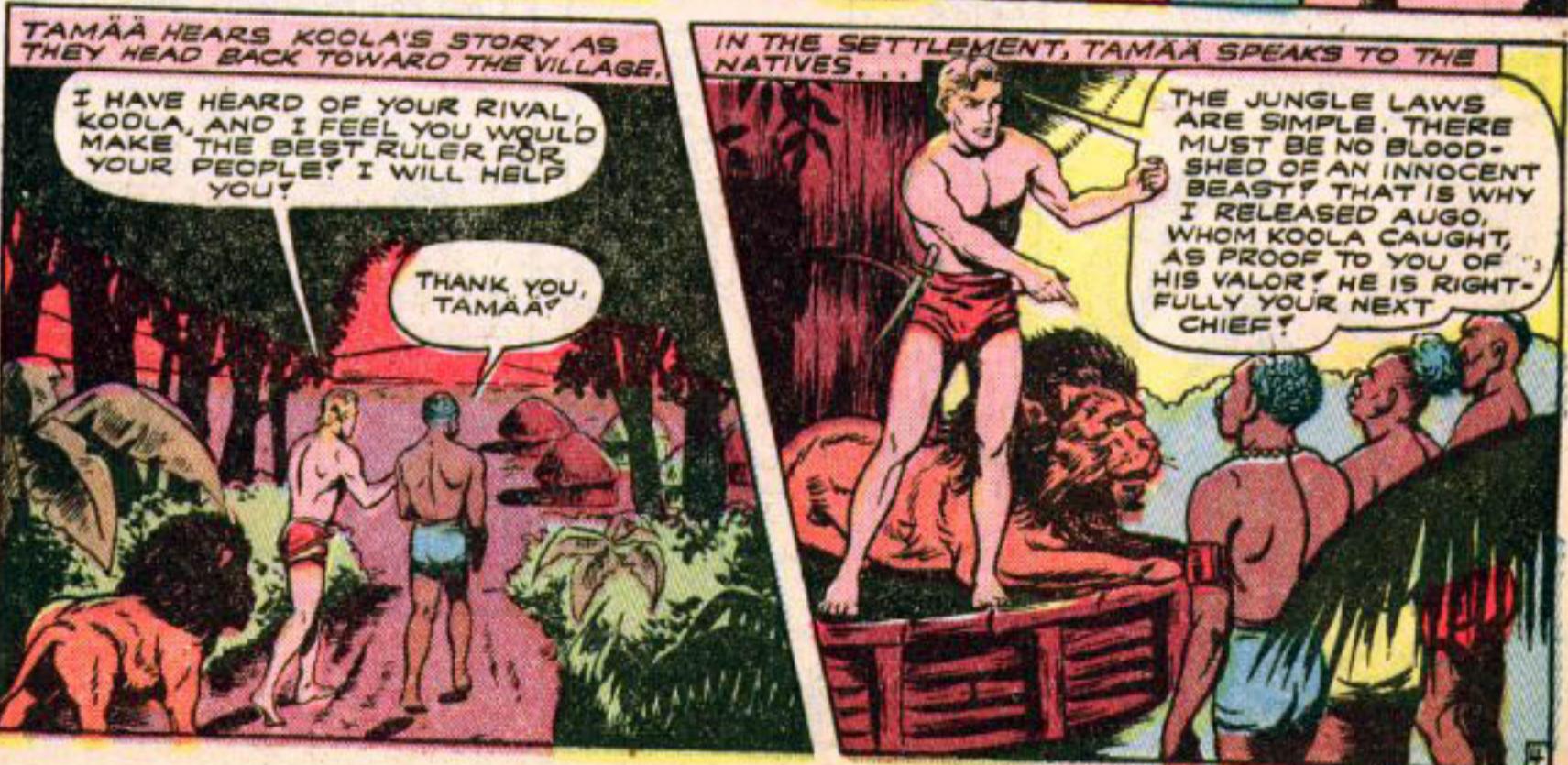
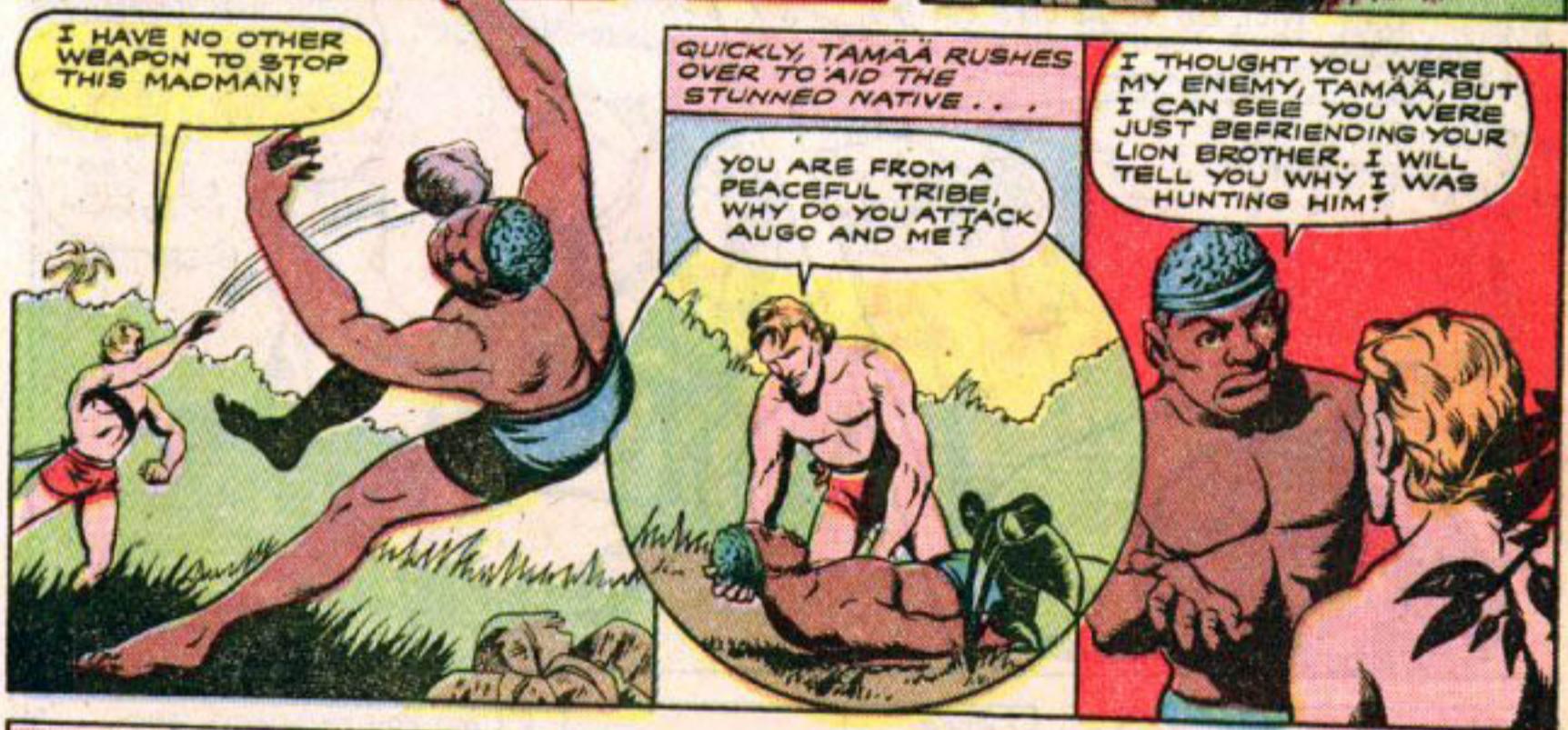
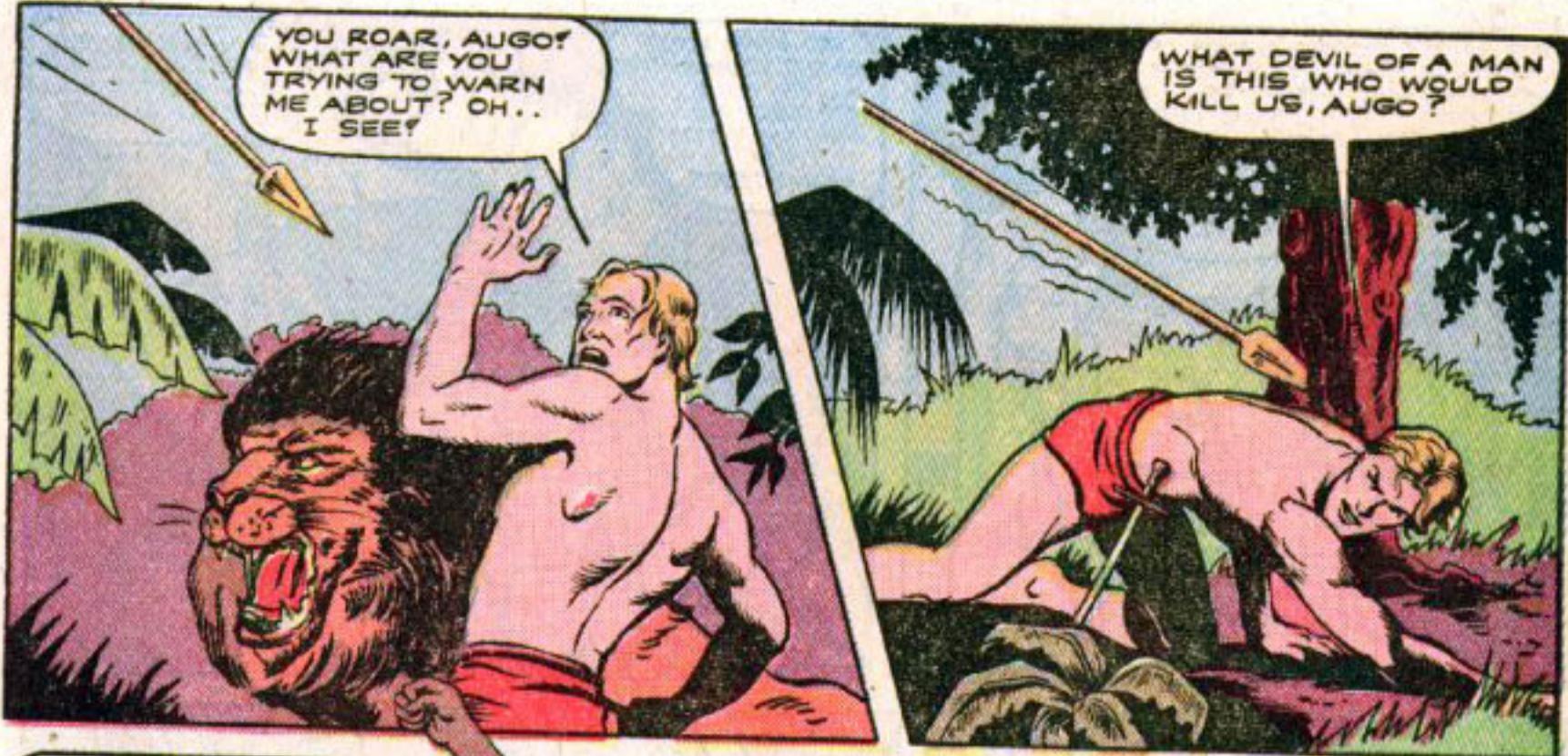


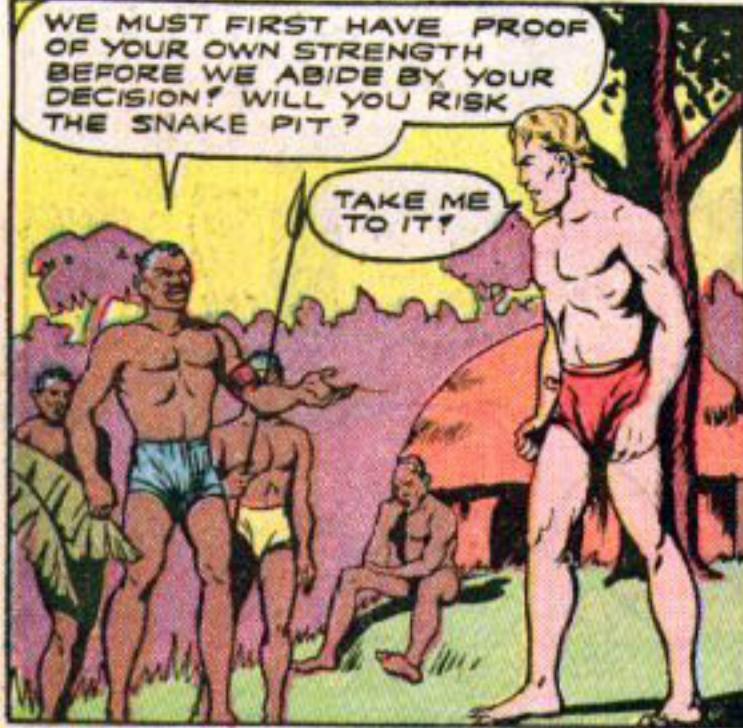
GRIM WITH REVENGE,
KOOLA ENTERS THE FOREST . . .

TAMÄÄ SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS TRICK!

SOON THEY COME UPON TAMÄÄ AND AUGO PLAYING IN THE DEEP JUNGLE . . .



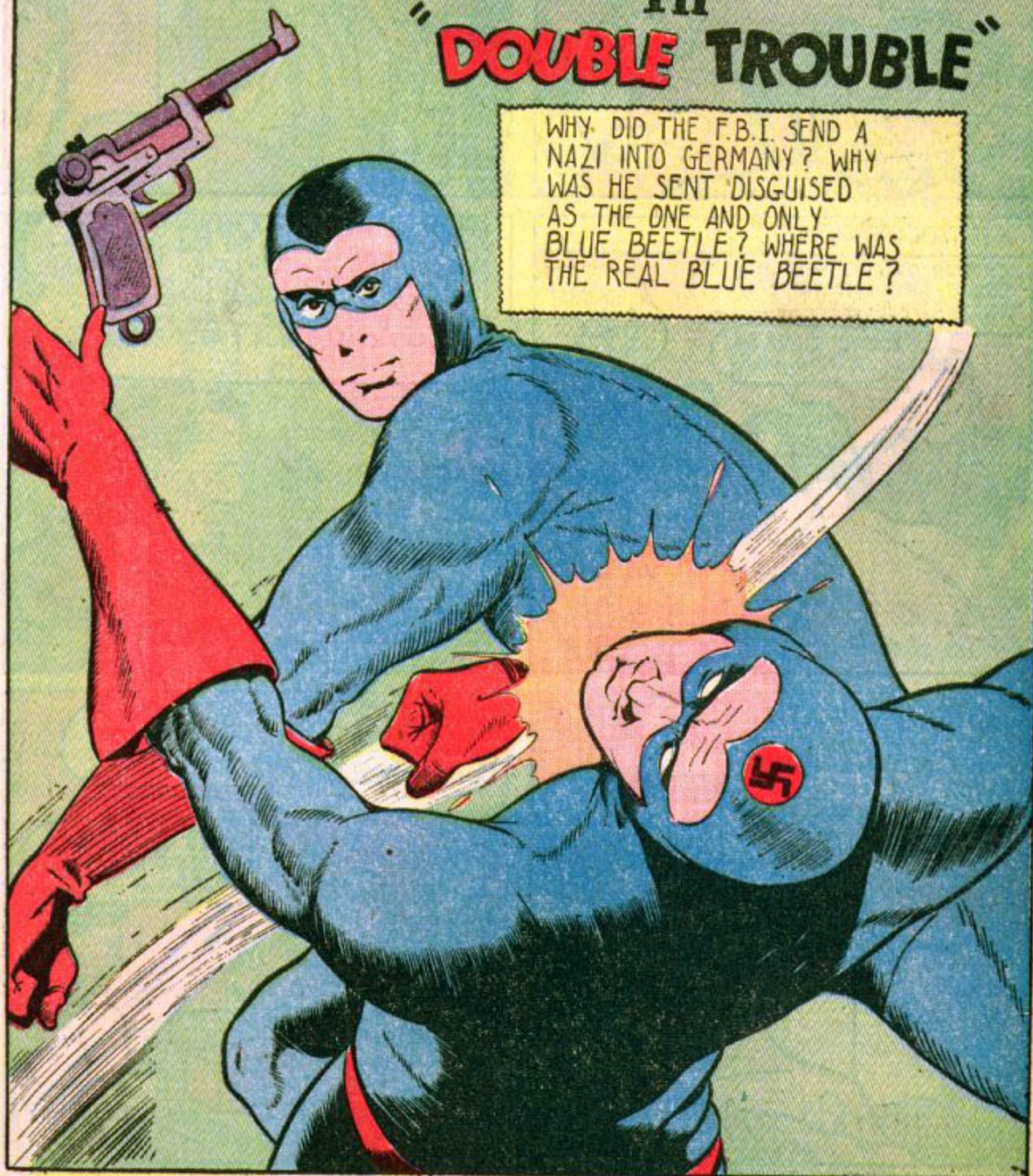




Blue Beetle

in
"DOUBLE TROUBLE"

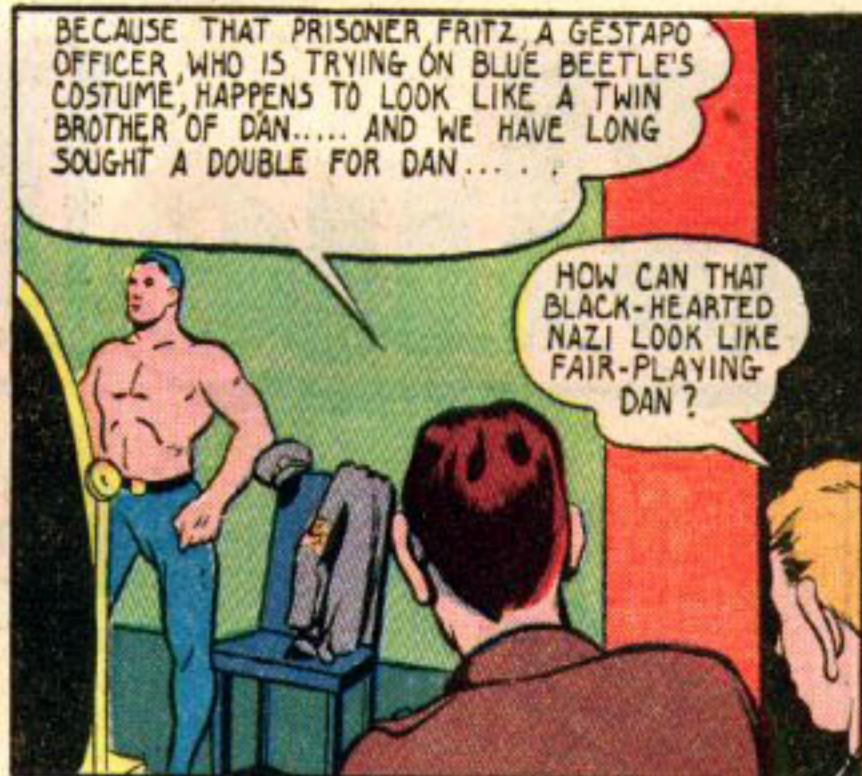
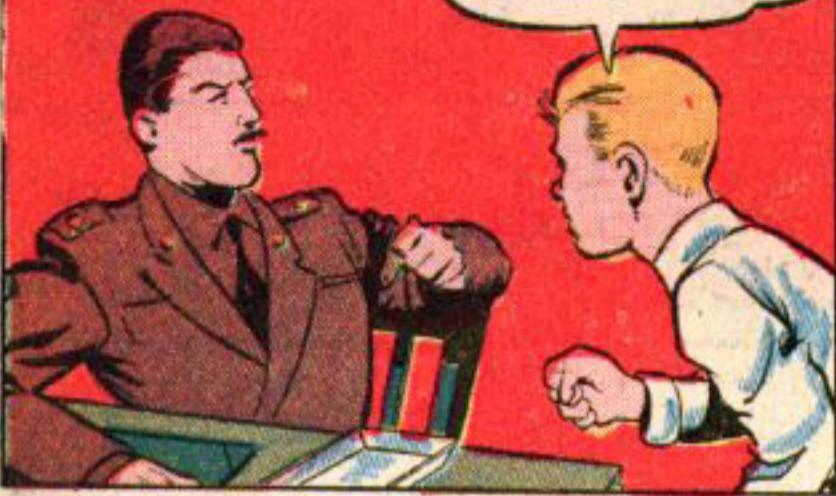
WHY DID THE F.B.I. SEND A NAZI INTO GERMANY? WHY WAS HE SENT DISGUISED AS THE ONE AND ONLY BLUE BEETLE? WHERE WAS THE REAL BLUE BEETLE?



DON'T GET SO EXCITED,
SPUNKY. WE KNOW WHAT
WE'RE DOING.

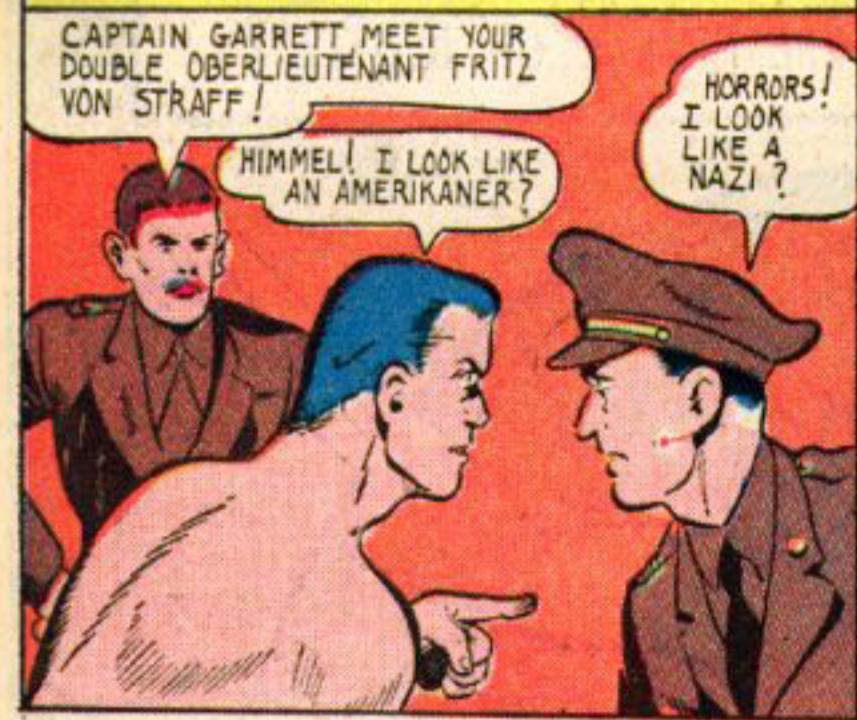
I KNOW, SIR, BUT YOU
KNOW HOW I FEEL
ABOUT DAN GARRETT
BEING THE ONLY TRUE
BLUE BEETLE... WHY
DO YOU WANT A
FAKE NAZI BLUE
BEETLE?

BECAUSE THAT PRISONER FRITZ, A GESTAPO
OFFICER, WHO IS TRYING ON BLUE BEETLE'S
COSTUME, HAPPENS TO LOOK LIKE A TWIN
BROTHER OF DAN.... AND WE HAVE LONG
SOUGHT A DOUBLE FOR DAN....



JUST THEN, DAN WALKS IN....

CAPTAIN GARRETT MEET YOUR
DOUBLE OBERLIEUTENANT FRITZ
VON STRAFF!



VON STRAFF WILL GO ON A MISSION TO GERMANY
FOR US.... LIKE ONE OF THE FIVE DANGEROUS
ONES YOU MADE TO HITLER LAND... WE HAVE
TO SEND FRITZ DISGUISED AS YOU BECAUSE
THE NAZIS HAVE THE FINGER-PRINTS OF
THE REAL BLUE BEETLE... AND EVEN YOU,
DAN, CAN'T CHANGE YOUR FINGER-PRINTS....



O.K. CHIEF I'LL GIVE HIM A COPY OF
BLUE BEETLE'S COSTUME AND TEACH
HIM A FEW BLUE BEETLE SECRETS.
BUT THE BEST ONES I MUST
KEEP!

JA WOHL! I KNOW A
FEW GESTAPO TRICKS
TO ADD TO YOUR
INFORMATION...



ALL RIGHT FRITZ. WE WILL RETURN YOU
TO GERMANY IN EXCHANGE FOR OUR
F. B. I. MAN WHO IS A PRISONER THERE.
BUT YOU MUST LOCATE FOR US THE SECRET
NAZI WUNDER PLANT!

SEHR GUTT! IF I
SUCCEED YOU WILL GIVE
ME \$50,000 IN CASH!
AGREED.....



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER IN GERMANY!

WELCOME HERR FRITZ! BECAUSE YOU'VE JUST COME FROM AMERICA YOU ARE THE ONLY GESTAPO AGENT THAT SHOULD KNOW HOW TO TRAP THE BLUE BEETLE....

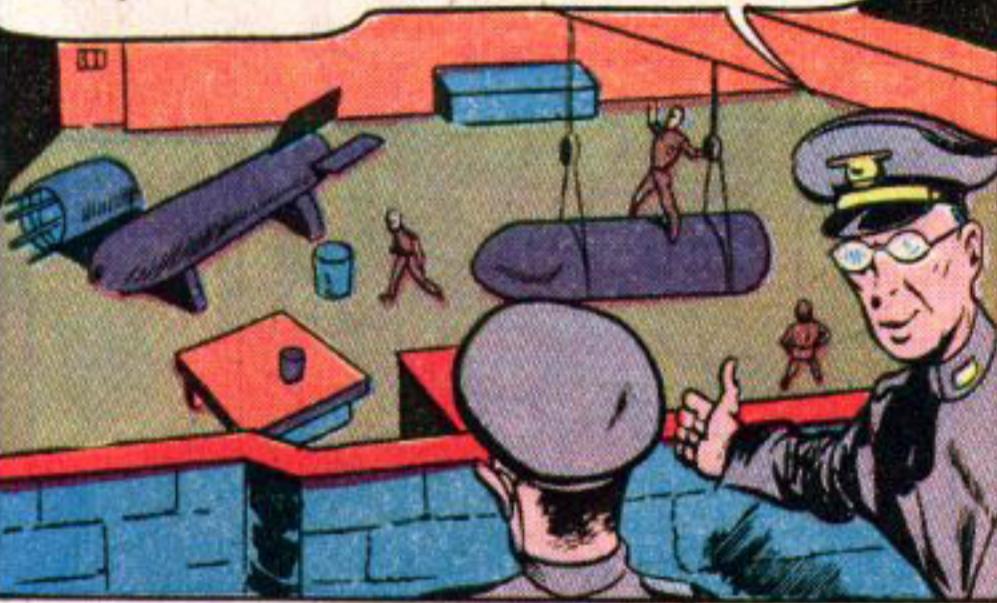
IS HE IN GERMANY?

YES! COME I WILL SHOW YOU THE SECRET WUNDER PLANT---A THOUSAND FEET UNDERGROUND. THIS ELEVATOR WILL TAKE US THERE.

THE TWO DESCEND IN THE ELEVATOR USED ONLY BY HITLER AND HIMMLER.

HERE IS OUR LAST HOPE! WE'RE FORCING BRILLIANT INVENTORS WE KIDNAPPED TO PRODUCE THE WEAPON OF THE WAR--A ROCKET BOMB GUIDED FROM A PLANE AT SEA. THIS WILL BLOW UP THE BEST PARTS OF THE U.S.A.!

YOU WILL ASSIST COL. SAUERKOPF TO GUARD THIS SECRET TUNNEL I. THAT LEADS OUT OF HERE TO THE SWAMPS... YOU ARE TO KILL THE BLUE BEETLE IF HE TRIES TO GET IN....

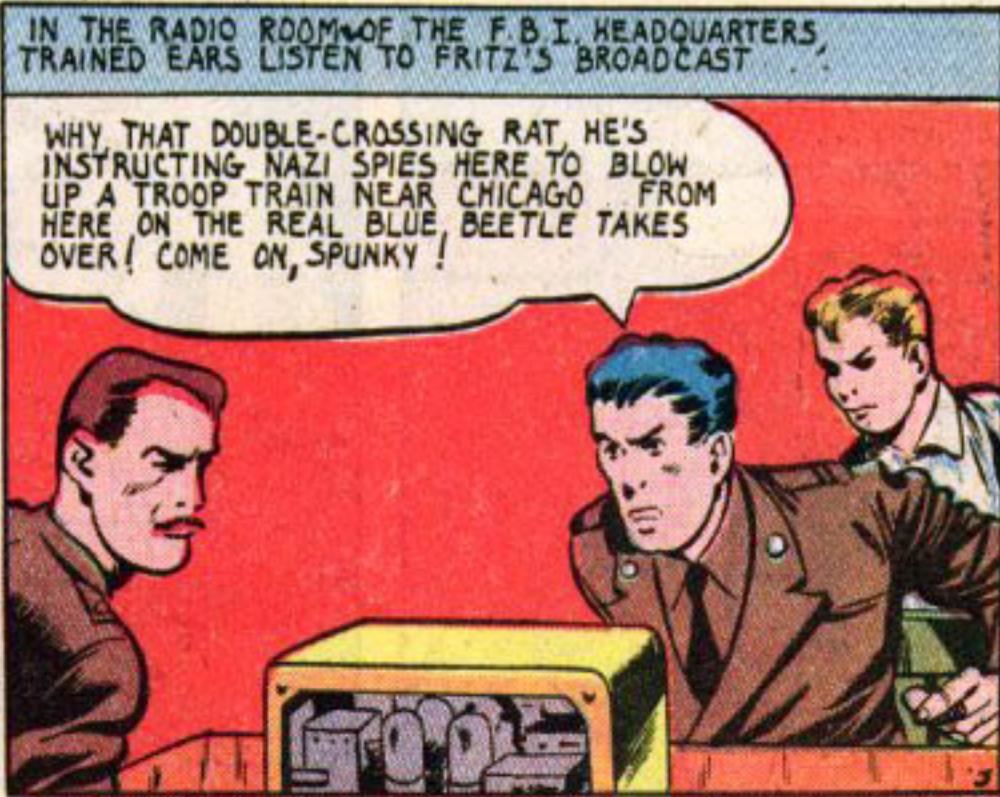


FRITZ NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET ON THE LORD HAW HAW SHORT-WAVE PROGRAM AND MAKE PROPAGANDA FOR AMERIKA AND AT THE SAME TIME, SEND CODE MESSAGES TO OUR SPIES IN THE U.S.A.

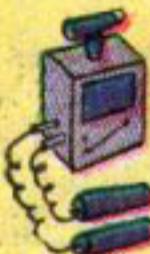


IN THE RADIO ROOM OF THE F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, TRAINED EARS LISTEN TO FRITZ'S BROADCAST.

WHY THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT HE'S INSTRUCTING NAZI SPIES HERE TO BLOW UP A TROOP TRAIN NEAR CHICAGO. FROM HERE ON THE REAL BLUE BEETLE TAKES OVER! COME ON, SPUNKY!



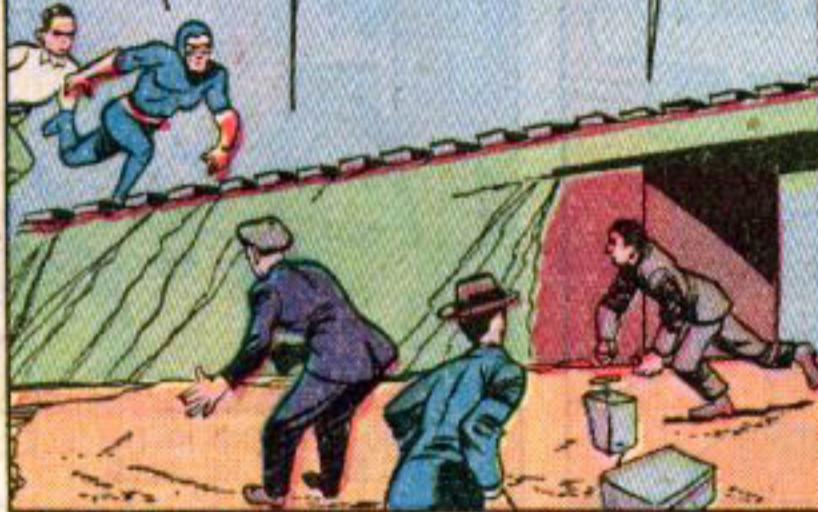
DAN, AS THE
BLUE BEETLE,
RACES TO THE
SPOT WHERE
THE NAZI
SPIES ARE
ATTEMPTING
TO WRECK THE
TROOP TRAIN!



WHAT...? LOOK, HANS!
THE BEETLE!

HOW DID THE
B.B. GET ON OUR
TRAIL....

COME ON,
SPUNKY!



LOOK OUT, DAN!
HE'S GOT A KNIFE!



DAN! DAN! DID
HE GET YOU, BAD?

NO, JUST NICKED
ME... DID THOSE
RATS GET AWAY?

MEANWHILE, FRITZ HIS BROADCAST FINISHED, MEETS
HIS SWEETHEART, GRETCHEN...

FRITZ, DARLINK, I HEAR THAT NEAR
YOUR TUNNEL IS' SECRET' TUNNEL II,
LEADING TO A BIG TREASURE
CHAMBER.

OHO! WHERE
NAZI BIG-WIGS
HIDE THEIR
LOOT! I WANT IT!



THAT SAME NIGHT, FRITZ CHANGES
INTO THE BLUE BEETLE COSTUME
AND HEADS FOR THE SECRET
TUNNEL...

GUARDS!



SO! FIRST ONE
THEN THE OTHER!

OOOHH!



THE GUARDS INSIDE THE TUNNEL SLAM AN EMERGENCY STEEL DOOR IN FRITZ'S FACE, BREAKING HIS NOSE.

DONNERVETTER! MY NOSE!

LATER IN THE DAY, HIMMLER CALLS IN FRITZ . . .

IT'S MOST STRANGE! WE JUST GOT A RADIO REPORT THAT ONLY LAST NIGHT BLUE BEETLE ATTACKED OUR GESTAPO MEN NEAR CHICAGO . . . THIS MORNING BLUE BEETLE ATTACKS MY GUARDS IN THE MOST SECRET TUNNEL IN GERMANY . . . YOU BETTER SOLVE THIS MYSTERY IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE!

HERE IS A CLUE. CHECK WITH YOUR MEN AT BREMEN AND THEY WILL TELL YOU THAT AS A RESULT OF A TIP I PHONED THEM AN HOUR AGO, THEY CAUGHT DICK WILSON, F.B.I. AGENT AND PAL OF DAN GARRETT. MY BOSS COL. SAUERKOPF WAS MIXED UP WITH THIS F.B.I. MAN SEE HOW HE BROKE MY NOSE WHEN HE CAUGHT ME TRAILING HIM!

IF THIS IS TRUE, I'LL HAVE COL. SAUERKOPF SHOT IMMEDIATELY AND YOU WILL TAKE HIS PLACE AS COMMANDER OF GUARDS IN TUNNEL I.

MEANWHILE AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS IN AMERICA . . .

FRITZ'S CODE MESSAGES HAVE STOPPED. I FEAR HE IS DOUBLE-CROSSING US. SO IF YOUR WOUND WILL PERMIT, YOU WILL HAVE TO TRAIL HIM TO GERMANY, NOW THE GESTAPO WON'T FINGER-PRINT YOU BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE THEIR FRITZ!

WOUND OR NO WOUND, I'LL DO MY DUTY EVEN THO' I HATE TO GO TO GERMANY AGAIN!

DAN I HAVE SOME NEWS THAT WILL CHEER YOU UP. HERE IS SPUNKY AND HE IS GOING TO FLY WITH YOU TO ENGLAND, AND FROM THERE, TO GERMANY.

GEE, DAN, AM I THRILLED TO GO WITH YOU! BUT WHY TAKE ALONG MY ALGEBRA LESSONS AND TWO WOODEN DUCKS?

HOURS LATER, DAN AND SPUNKY TAKE OFF IN AN R.A.F. BOMBER FOR GERMANY!

IS THAT DEAFENING FLAK COMING FROM HAMBURG?

YOU WILL FIND OUT, MY LITTLE PAL!

HOLY SMOKE! THE FLYING FORTRESSES THAT WENT AHEAD OF US CERTAINLY CELEBRATED FOURTH OF JULY THIS NOVEMBER IN HAMBURG. I NEVER SAW SUCH HUGE BONFIRES!

NO ONE ELSE EVER DID, GET INTO YOUR HITLER YOUTH UNIFORM. YOU CAN'T SPEAK GERMAN AND YOU MUST NOT SPEAK ENGLISH... SO, REMEMBER ALWAYS ACT AS IF YOU WERE DEAF AND DUMB. WE ARE OVER HAMBURG - DON'T FORGET THE WOODEN DUCK! NOW JUMP ALONGSIDE ME!

THE HOT WINDS OF THE FLAMING CITY CARRIED SPUNKY AND HIS PARACHUTE OUT OF DAN'S SIGHT!

HERR KAPITAN OF POLIZEI, HAVE YOU SEEN A FRECKLE-FACED BOY DRESSED IN A HITLER YOUTH UNIFORM AMONG THESE RUINS?

I MUST HELP YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE A GESTAPO OFFICER BUT IN THE ENDLESS RUINS THERE ARE SO MANY DEAD HITLER YOUTHS THAT THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE!

MY YOUNG FRIEND WAS PECULIAR, HE CARRIED A WOODEN DUCK.

THIS MAKES ME LAUGH DESPITE THE HAVOC AROUND US. I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SUCH A YOUNG FOOL CLUTCHING A WOODEN DUCK WITH HIS LEGS STICKING OUT OF THE RUINED CELLAR OF OUR POLICE STATION. COME, I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

DAN FINDS SPUNKY UNCONSCIOUS...

SPUNKY, TAKE A WHIFF OF THESE SMELLING SALTS... NOW THAT YOUR HEAD IS CLEARING WE MUST CONTACT HERR STRINGER, THE LEADER OF THE UNDERGROUND. I'VE GOT A CLUE TO HIS WHEREABOUTS.....

LATER

HERR GARRETT WE FOUND YOUR BAZOOKAS AFTER THEY LANDED IN THE PARACHUTE, FOLLOWING YOURS. THEY WILL BE A GREAT HELP IN DESTROYING THE NAZI BULLIES AFTER YOUR AMERICAN SOLDIERS REACH THE GERMAN BORDER...

IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET A DECENT GERMAN, HERR STRINGER. NOW PLEASE TELL US WHERE THE WUNDER PLANT IS LOCATED.

NOT FAR FROM THESE HAMBURG OUTSKIRTS, YOU WILL HAVE TO CROSS THIS WELL-GUARDED RIVER... SHH, HERE COME SOME TOUGH NAZI GUARDS!

OH, DAN COULD KNOCK THEM COLD WITH ONE WALLOP OF HIS GOOD RIGHT ARM!

DID YOU HEAR THOSE SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS SPEAK ENGLISH? HALT!!

OH SPUNKY WHY DIDN'T YOU REMEMBER THAT IN GERMANY YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAF AND DUMB? WELL, LET'S PLUNGE INTO THIS RIVER... AND HEAD FOR THE OTHER SHORE... GRAB YOUR WOODEN DUCK AND SWIM UNDER WATER ALL THE WAY!



OH BOY, ARE THESE SLUGS BOILING UP THE WATER, NOW I UNDERSTAND THE WOODEN DUCK BUSINESS... GREAT COMFORT SWIMMING UNDER WATER, BREATHING THRU THE RUBBER PIPE CONNECTING WITH THE TOP OF THE DUCK AND FRESH AIR..... NOW THE NAZIS HAVE GIVEN UP FIRING.... THEY THINK WE'VE DROWNED.



EASY, HERE ARE SOME MORE NAZIS ON THIS SHORE.... UNSCREW THE TOP OF YOUR WOODEN DUCK, TAKE OUT A HANDFUL OF CIGARETTES AND HOLD THEM HIGH IN THE AIR!



IT'S WORKING... THEY ARE CALLING US KAMMERADS. I GUESS THEY WOULD SELL THEIR HONORABLE PAPER HANGER'S HIDE FOR A SMOKE THAT IS NOT ERSATZ!

A LITTLE LATER

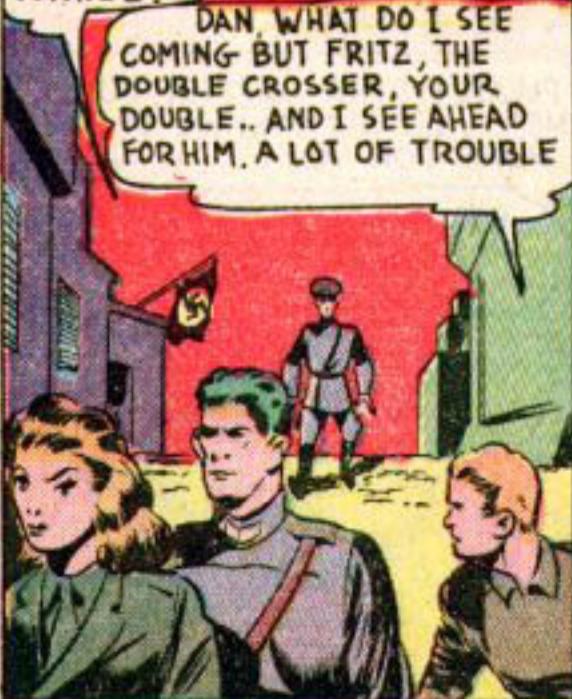
FRITZ DARLINK, HERE IS YOUR GRETCHEN AGAIN DID YOU REACH THE TREASURE ROOM AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL? AND AREN'T YOU SMART THE WAY YOU ARE DOUBLE CROSSING THE BLUE BEETLE!

A HUNCH TELLS ME, DAN THIS DAME THINKS YOU ARE FRITZ!



GRETCHEN DEAR, PLEASE LEAD THE WAY TO THE TREASURE TUNNEL?

DAN, WHAT DO I SEE COMING BUT FRITZ, THE DOUBLE CROSSER, YOUR DOUBLE.. AND I SEE AHEAD FOR HIM, A LOT OF TROUBLE



WHAT? MEIN FRITZ IST TWINS?

SO YOU'RE TRYING SOME OF YOUR GESTAPO HOLDS?... WELL, RATZI WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS HOOK TO THE JAW?



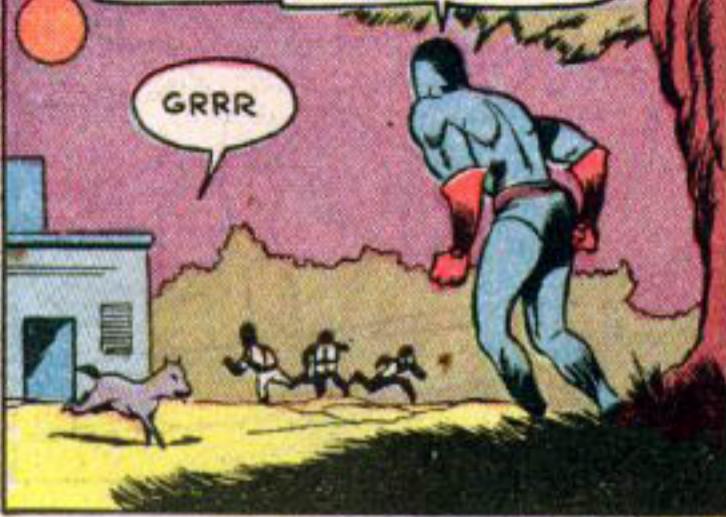
SORRY I HAVE TO TRY OUT MY WILD WEST LASSO ON A LADY, GRETCH... BUT YOU SHOULDN'T THROW STONES AT DAN'S HEAD!

SPUNKY, TIE UP THE COUPLE... THEN, STUDY YOUR ALGEBRA LESSON TILL I COME BACK. I'M GOING TO FIND THE ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL!



THE GESTAPO GUARDING TUNNEL I RUNS AWAY WHEN THEY SEE THE BLUE BEETLE BUT NOT THE LEAD POLICE DOG .

THE ONLY TOUGH CUSTOMER IS THAT DOG , HE IS NO COWARD LIKE THOSE GUARDS ... I MUST MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM ...

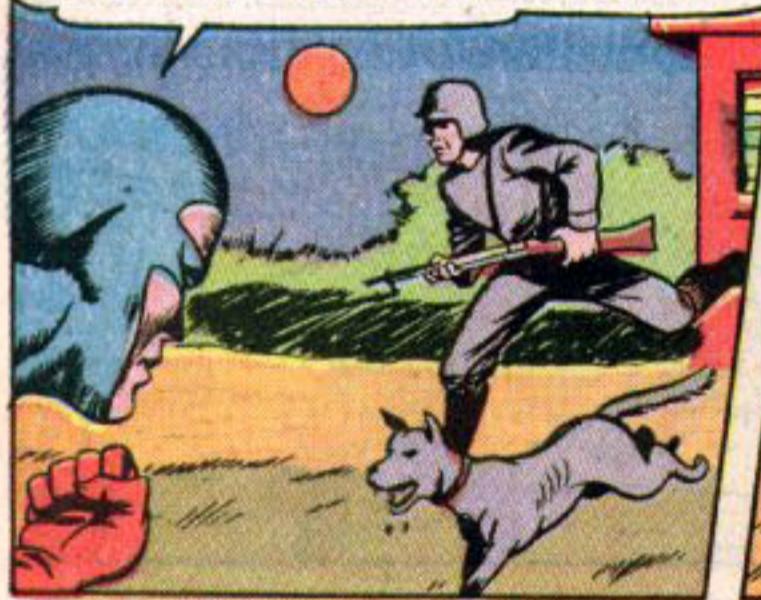


COME HERE , SHEP , OLD BOY . I KNOW YOU WILL LIKE THIS U.S. ARMY RATION . BY GOSH , THAT DOG UNDERSTANDS AND LOVES ENGLISH ... I BET HE WAS SWIPED FROM A NICE AMERICAN HOME ...



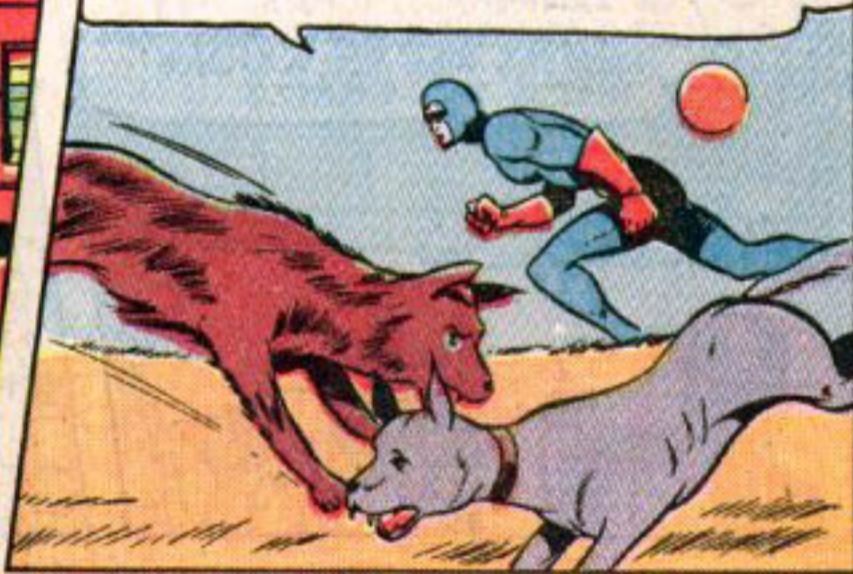
SHEP GUIDES DAN TO THE TUNNEL ...

WOW ! A REAL NAZI DOG HEADING FOR MY THROAT AND HIS NAZI MASTER PLUNGING TOWARD ME WITH A NAKED BAYONET !



OUT OF NOWHERE , SHEP COMES LIKE A FLASH AND BURIES HIS FANGS IN THE THROAT OF THE NAZI DOG !

THANKS A MILLION SHEP BUT PARDON WHILE I MEET HIS MASTER AND HIS BAYONET !



DAN WRENCHES THE BAYONET FROM THE SOLDIER AND PLUNGES IT INTO HIS CHEST !



WITH THE NAZI DEAD , DAN , RACES BACK TO SPUNKY WHO IS GUARDING FRITZ ... GRETCHEN HAS ESCAPED ...

PLEASE ! PLEASE ! HERR GARRETT , DO NOT KILL ME ! ... I'LL GET CONTROL OF THE WUNDER PLANT FOR YOU !



AT THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE NEAR BY 25 STRONG POLISH CAPTIVES ARE ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED... I'LL FORGE ORDERS AND EXCHANGE POLES FOR MY NAZI GUARDS WHO WILL BE SHOT INSTEAD.... THEN I'LL PUT THEIR GESTAPO UNIFORMS ON THE POLES. THEY WILL GRATEFULLY HELP ME CONTROL TUNNEL NUMBER 1.

ONLY A NAZI COULD THINK OF SUCH A CLEVER, BRUTAL, TREACHEROUS, SCHEME FOR THAT FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH REWARD!

AS FRITZ IS ON HIS WAY TO CARRY OUT HIS EXCHANGE SCHEME HE IS SEEN BY A SEARCHING UNIT OF GESTPOS

OH, MAJOR, THERE IS THAT FAKE FRITZ! IT'S REALLY DAN GARRETT!

MEN! CAPTURE HIM AND TAKE HIS FINGERPRINTS!



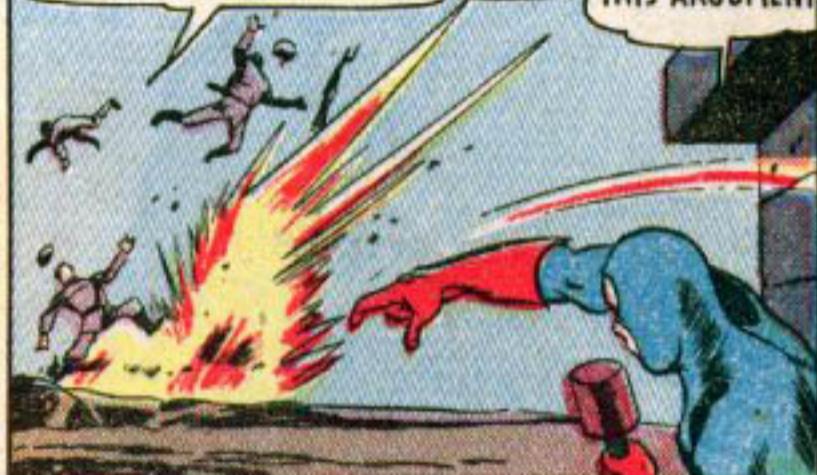
INCREDIBLE! YOUR FINGERPRINTS PROVE THAT YOU ARE FRITZ VON STRAFF... MY APOLOGIES... BUT WHERE IS THAT BLUE BEETLE?

OH, IT'S AWFUL! THAT ACCURSED BLUE BEETLE AND MEIN FRITZ.. LOOK ALIKE TO ME???



TO KEEP IN RIGHT WITH THE GESTAPO MAJOR, FRITZ SQUEALS THAT DAN IS ON HIS WAY TO CAPTURE THE IMPORTANT ELEVATOR LEADING DOWN TO THE WUNDER PLANT..

BLUE BEETLE! KEEP AWAY FROM THAT ELEVATOR SHAFT! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! SURREN... AAAGGGGG MY HAND GRENADES WILL SETTLE THIS ARGUMENT



THE OPERATOR RAISES THE ELEVATOR TO SURFACE TO INVESTIGATE HAND GRENADE EXPLOSIONS!

OH, IT'S THAT DREADED BLUE BEETLE SPARE MY LIFE AND YOU CAN HAVE THE ELEVATOR!

O.K. TAKE ME DOWN IN IT.. PHONE HIMMLER THAT THE ELEVATOR HAS BROKEN DOWN AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO USE IT FOR TWO WEEKS.. ALSO, THAT THE UNFINISHED TUNNELS TO THE WUNDER PLANT ARE STILL TOO MUDDY FOR THE BIG SHOTS USE.



WITH THE AID OF THE IMPRISONED SCIENTISTS... DAN AND SPUNKY DISPOSE OF THE NAZI GUARDS IN THE WUNDER PLANT AND RELEASE THE CAPTIVES....

WHAT! DICK WILSON, YOU HERE? A GESTAPO PRISONER? THIS IS THE HAPPIEST ACHIEVEMENT OF MY LIFE... IMAGINE WHAT WE TWO F.B.I. MEN WILL BE ABLE TO DO FOR UNCLE SAM, NOW THAT WE ARE IN CONTROL OF THE WUNDER PLANT!



BOY OH BOY, WAIT 'TILL I GET BACK TO THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. AND TELL MOM AND POP HOW WE PUT THE SUPER-MEN IN THE SOUP... WISH I COULD CHUCK IN THERE TOO MY ALGEBRA TEACHER!

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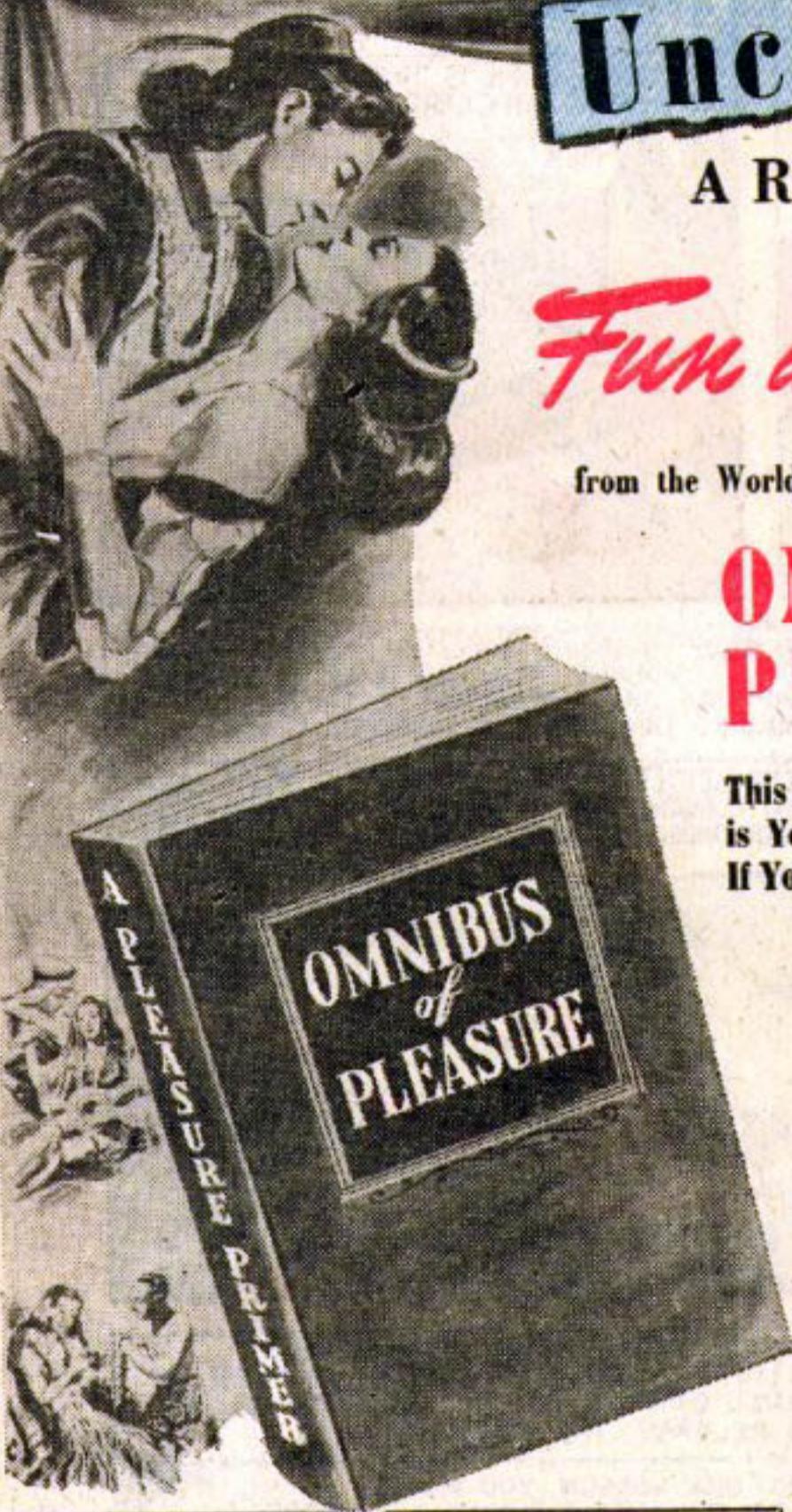
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- What you should weigh.
- Table of Average Weights.
- If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
- If you are thin, putting on weight.
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- Assuming personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
- Take care of your teeth.
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- She Walks in Beauty.
- When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed, never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
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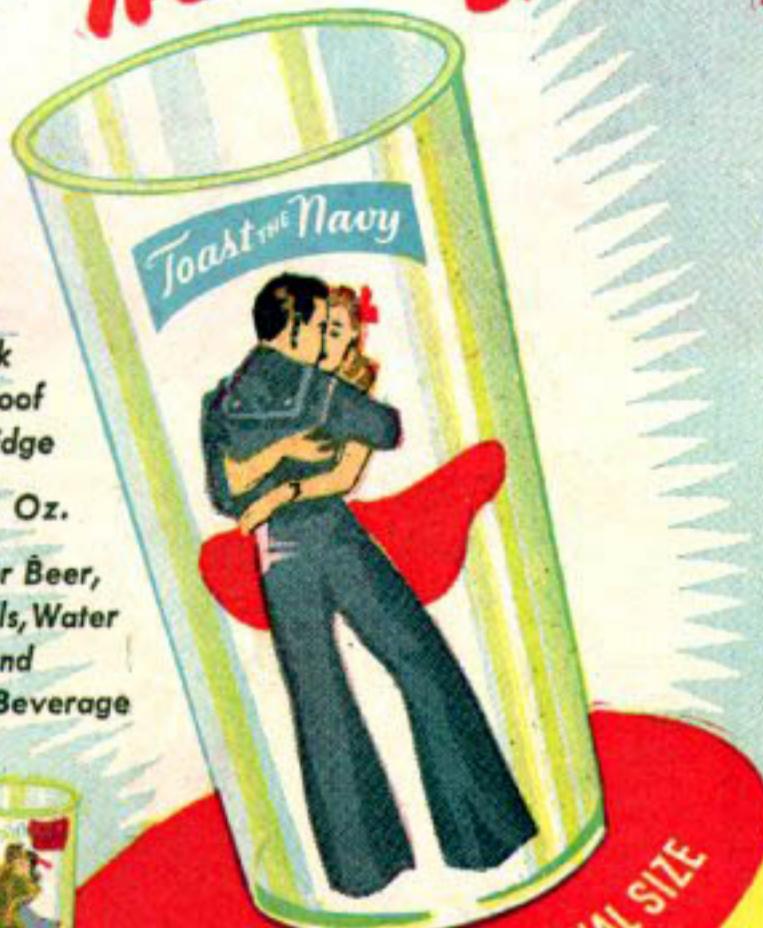
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